FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

I am the Safety glass – "TripleX"

THE SPHERE, JANUARY 1, 1944
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 1/6

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXVI No. 2293 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JAN. 1 1944

Bulmer's

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

CHAMPAGNE CIDER

MADE BY THE AUTHENTIC CHAMPAGNE PROCESS

Obtainable at all the best Hotels and Restaurants

PADDY

OLD IRISH WHISKY

London Agents: Coverdale & Co., Ltd., 9, Bishopsgate, E.C.2

OTARD'S BRANDY

Famous since 1795

FOR OVER 100 YEARS THE ABOVE SYMBOL HAS BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH THIS SOCIETY

YOUR HELP WILL KEEP THIS NOBLE WORK ACTIVE

We must have

freedom!!

from anxiety for the 800 poor children now in our care, to enable us to continue this vitally important NATIONAL WORK.

PLEASE POST A DONATION TO-DAY TO THE

SHAFTESBURY HOMES & 'ARETHUSA' TRAINING SHIP

164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

TENNENT'S

British LAGER

TRADE MARK

ESTD. T 1745

THE LARGEST EXPORTERS OF BRITISH BOTTLED BEERS

J. & R. TENNENT LTD Wellpark Brewery, GLASGOW

for

'FORTY FOUR

WILLIAM YOUNGERS Scotch Ale

Grant's Scotch Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

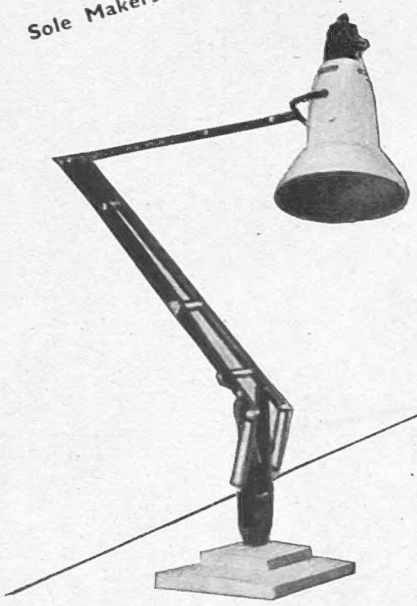
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

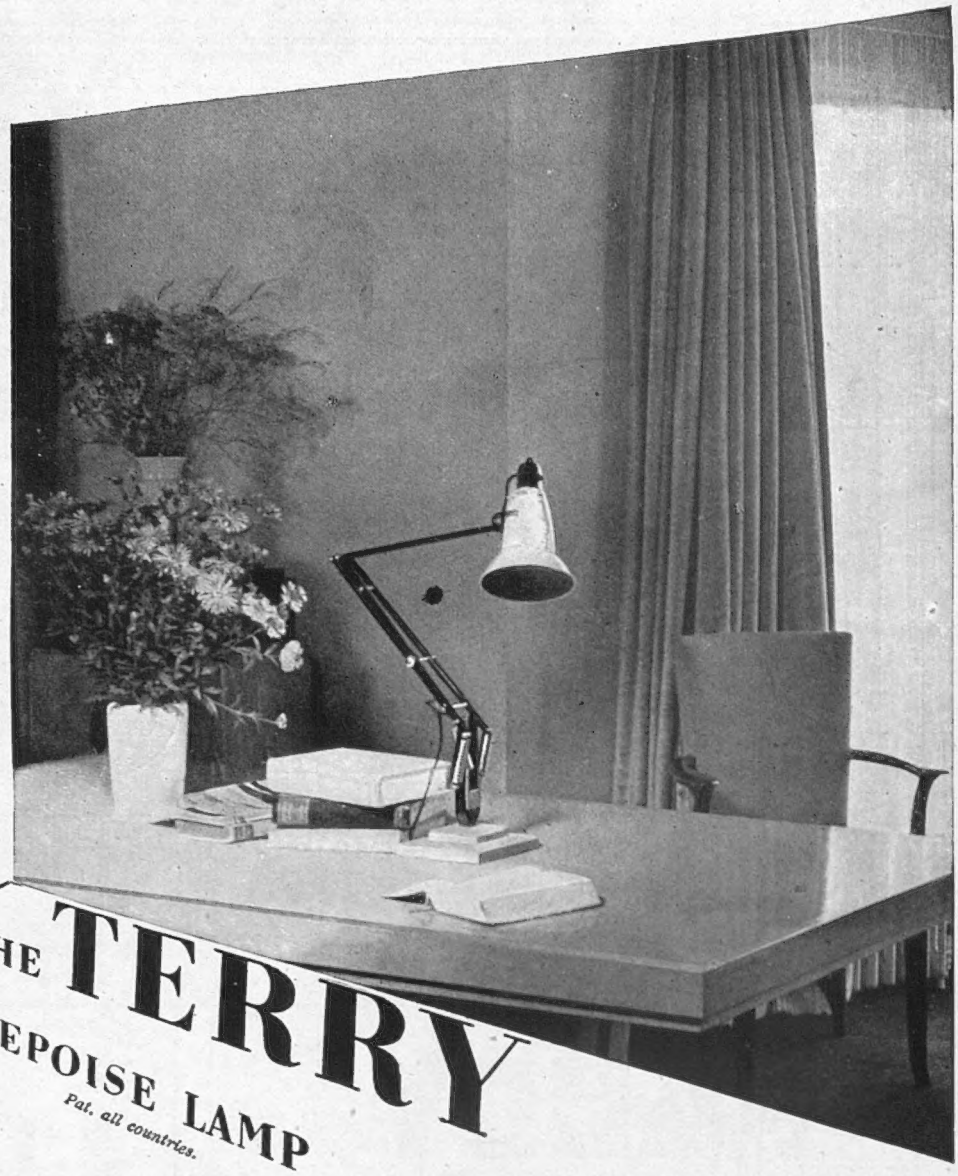
POST-WAR PREVIEW

'Interior symptomatic of progress. Clean practical lines, no frills, plenty of light in the day time—and, of course, a Terry Anglepoise Lamp for the shadowed hours of inside leisure—or work.

It fulfils its purpose — to put the light exactly where it is wanted — not in the user's eyes . . . to take up any angle required at a finger touch — and hold it . . . to save eyestrain . . . to fold up when out of use. Unobtainable now by the general public, the Terry Anglepoise Lamp will be on sale with victory.

Sole Makers: HERBERT TERRY & SONS, REDDITCH





THE TERRY ANGLEPOISE LAMP

Pat. all countries.

KERSHAW

Many Sportsmen and other users gave up their

KERSHAW PRISM BINOCULARS

in response to the appeal of the Government, and by doing so helped the country over a difficult period. In common with other things which give pleasure to their owners, these instruments are at the present time unobtainable, but they will be available again when we have finished the job we have in hand.

The realisation of your desire to re-possess these instruments will coincide with a return to peace conditions.

KERSHAW PRISM BINOCULARS

like all good things are worth waiting for, and are certainly a good thing to possess for they are the

WORLD STANDARD of QUALITY

Records of all communications referring to these Glasses are being kept for the purpose of contacting the writers at a later date. Shall we add your name to the list?

A. KERSHAW & SONS, LIMITED,
3, EMBASSY BUILDINGS,
GERMAIN STREET, CHESHAM, BUCKS.
(Temporary war time address)
Telephone: Chesham 266

Production is restricted so don't blame your dealer if you have difficulty in obtaining Gillette blades.

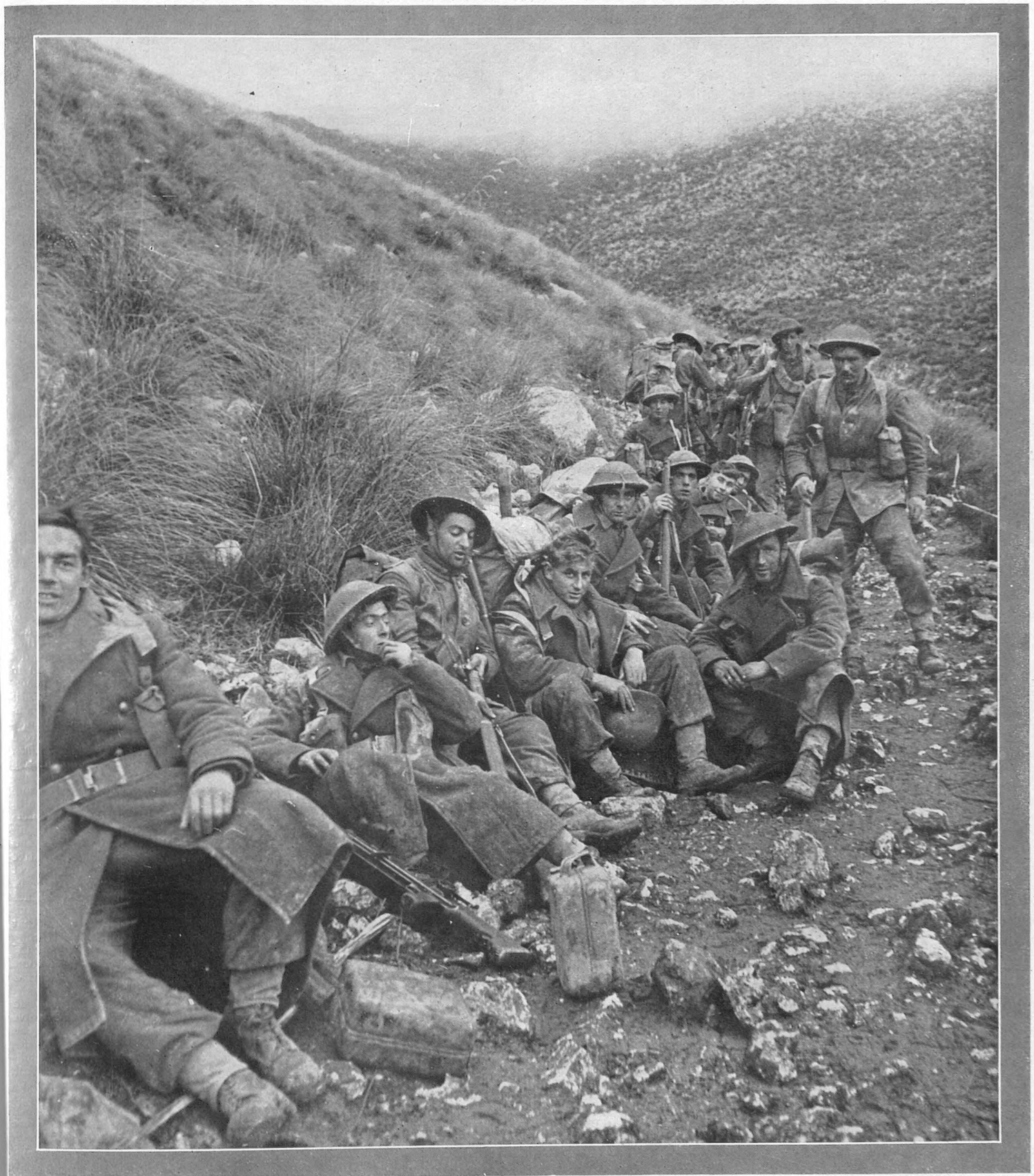
Posted for General Service—Gillette "Standard" Blades now replace Blue and Thin Gillette, and the 7 o'clock. But you will find these "Standard" Blades are still the best shave you can buy—so when you get them, make them last.

Gillette in battledress

Gillette "Standard" and "Standard Thin" Blades (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax. Fit all Gillette razors, old or new.

Volume CLXXVI No. 2293 The SPHERE, London, January 1, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE BRITISH INFANTRYMEN WHO ARE FIGHTING THE BATTLES UP IN THE ITALIAN MOUNTAINS: A picture made after the final assault on Monte Camino, showing men who took part in its capture coming down the mountain-slopes

Fighting doggedly through mud and driving rain against desperate enemy resistance, the Fifth Army have overcome the German positions in the strongly defended Camino and Maggiore Mountains. On December 7, after six days of continuous fighting, British troops stormed the summit of Mt. Camino and surged down the western slopes to occupy the villages of Camino, Cocuruzzo and Acqua Perdola. The mountain barrier between the Fifth Army, and the main road through Cassino to Rome, was thus taken, and another stage of the German defeat in Italy had been accomplished. Much of the fighting was done by British regiments, many of them with county affiliations and with fine records earned during the last war

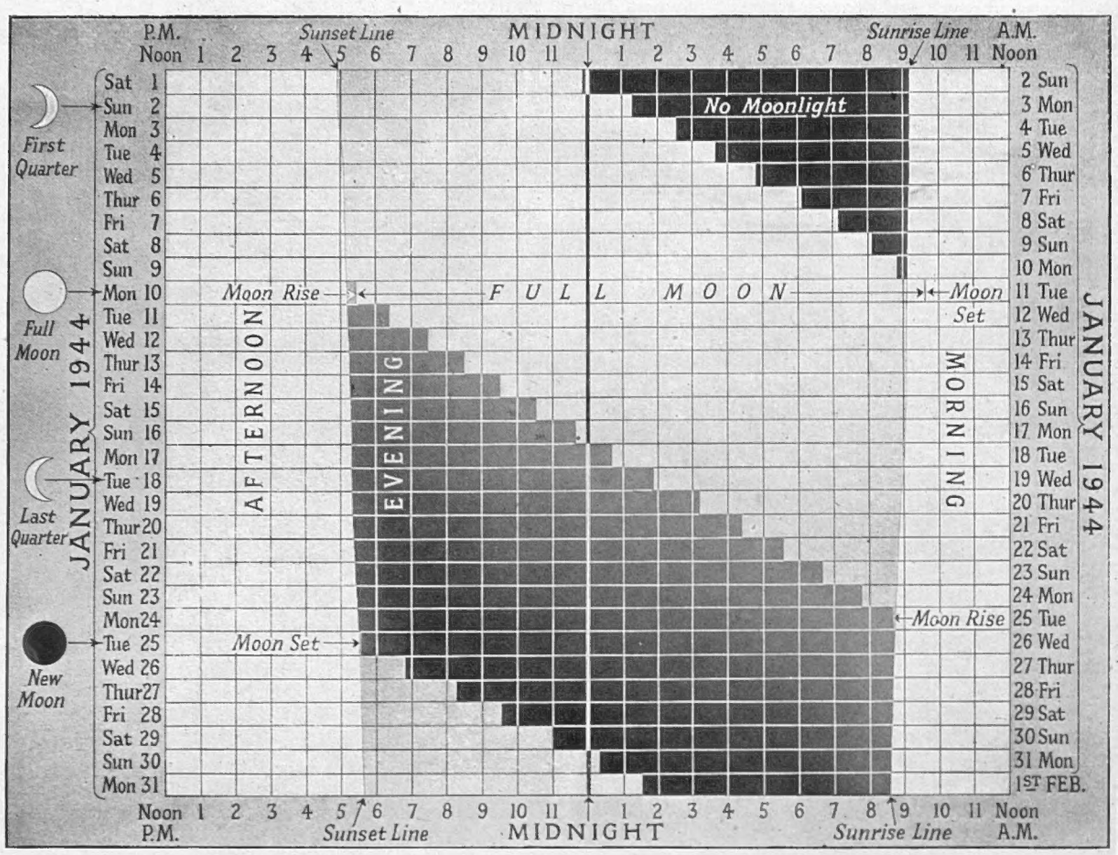
Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 226

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Governess or Fanatic?—

I am not often "first with the news" or a pioneer in ideas. Exceptionally, I was among the first to comment on that agreement to try war criminals in the area of their crimes, before a court composed entirely of the fellow-countrymen of their victims, with the remark that such a trial would be contrary to all the principles of British justice and could never convince the German people of their own guilt—which is a prime object of such trials. Lord Cecil, a lawyer, has said the same thing, and has been told by Lord Vansittart that he has "the mind of a governess"—which is quite untrue. He retorted that such a mind may be better than the mind of a fanatic. I confess that on *this* issue, "my Lords, I am on the side of the governesses." Fanatic or governess? On many subjects each can be small-minded, each can be constantly self-justifying, each can be a *throttling bore*. In the past years Lord Vansittart has triumphantly proved that in this sombre rivalry the fanatic on all counts wins hands down. He has beaten the governess out of court, hit her for six. He has raised the fanatic to the rank of Public Enemy No. 1



"THE SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY, showing the period of no moonlight and the period when the moon will be at its full

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

Crime and Punishment.—

The first trials of war criminals on the scene of their crimes ended in conviction of, and the death sentence on, all the accused. Human memory was never so short as to-day it is. I am not myself sorry that many leading British lawyers still remember certain immemorial principles of British justice, since most of us are agreed that the prime object of the trial of war criminals is to convince the German people of their own guilt. Facing my page in THE SPHERE the other week were photographs of Sir Oswald Mosley enjoying his liberty. I dare say these photographs were seen by several of the more clamorous critics of the Home Secretary. I don't know whether a Press photograph can achieve a miracle of conversion in a human heart. I don't know why it should not. If it *be* possible, it may be some of these critics made the frank admission: "God forgive me, what a fool I have been, what a cad, what a pinchbeck dictator and usurper of the functions of Higher Powers!" In judgment and punishment, God is an artist, man a blundering amateur.

Trial Reprisals.—

That the Nazis, officially or unofficially, would reply to the Kharkov trials with the promise of "reprisal" trials, I regarded as a foregone conclusion; that they would select for their "victims" British and American prisoners would be a shrewd and typical move in their political propaganda campaign which might have been foreseen also. I dare say there is nothing official in the announcement, but official confirmation and execution of the threat are not to be ruled out. We have known for a long time what total war against barbarians implies. We have had constant proof at the hands of the Japanese and the Nazis. There is no doubt at all that under such conditions of warfare, compromise with even the most widely accepted standards of justice and international conventions may be necessary for the Allies. As for the Kharkov trials, opinions may differ not only as to the aptness of the time. It has been stated by sound lawyers that it is entirely in the spirit and letter of British justice to try criminals on the scene of their crimes. I am not a professing or practising lawyer, yet I venture to think this statement must be conditioned. I have always understood that, where there might be a risk of local prejudice, such trials are usually removed to a venue more favourable to the accused. Be that as it may, in warfare against barbarians, reprisals must always be expected, howsoever reasonable the cause, howsoever unreasonable the complaint. And once the vendetta is launched and counter-reprisal follows reprisal, there is no end but in an orgy of injustice, indignity and inhumanity, except by submission to the brutality of the barbarians. So it was with the shackling of our prisoners and the murder of American airmen. In my view, the question of the trial of war criminals should be postponed in principle and in practice until after hostilities have ceased and ruthless barbarity can be controlled.

Non-Stop Russia.—

While the world waits for the southern and western assaults, the eastern drive forges on. It is non-stop in Russia. No excuses are accepted—the need for preparation, lack of men, the weather, priority commitments. Stalin's purpose never alters, his strategy never halts and is never the same; to destroy the German armies, to drive them from Russian territory, to keep them guessing and on the run. The inexorable logic of mathematics rules the day when two nations, each superbly organised, each regimented to the last schoolboy, disciplined, controlled and fanatical, meet in a death grapple. If the man-power of one be only double the man-power of the other, then (given equal efficiency and opportunity in the organisation of the battlefront and the home front) the odds are two to one on the big battalions. Despite her losses, Russia, it seems, has still plenty of men. A superb army of a million men has faced the Japanese towards Manchuria for four years. Japan is unlikely just now to add another great Power to her active enemies. The Siberian Army is no doubt gaining experience of modern war. The workshops of the three greatest Powers are pouring out weapons for Russia. In Russia preparation and action run concurrently. Tremendous risks are taken and tremendous exertions bring off big gambles. The weather is important, but never decisive. Stalin rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm. So, it is Nevel to-day, the Dnieper yesterday, the Crimea or Leningrad to-morrow. But all these new prods and drives, all these superb gambles, are based on and conditioned by concrete certainties. During the coming year the Reich fortress must have been breached and burst from the south and west also. For Russia the long trick is nearly over, the lone hand is due for major reinforcement. That fact alone justifies the gamble.

A Turn for the Better.—

The year has turned. The evening black-out time is later, or at least static. Perhaps the nadir has come and gone *for all time*. There's a thought for encouraging the war-worn! Was ever a more dismal December? Nature took a hand to make the last (?) totality of the black-out something which we could all remember—with loathing. What with fogs, 'flu, rain, mist, chill, uncertainty, bickerings and marking-time, I give the palm of beastliness to December 1943. And now it's gone and the sun is creeping back. Snowdrop-time is approaching. The thrushes are singing discreetly, the 'flu is on the wane, Mr. Churchill is convalescent and whenever the sky clears, not only warmth, but colour steals back to cheer our bodies and souls. Black Decembers are no rare phenomena in our history. There have been many since 1899—two or three winners in the last five—but I award the first prize to 1943. It had every advantage which nature and man could give it to make it totally black—not least the fact that it caught us on the threshold of victory, when every delay, every uncertainty, every hope deferred, is trebly vexatious.

Books.—

Modern books? I sometimes read them. Are they war news? Are they peace news, suitable for "A War Newsletter"? At least they are *facts*, or, rather, documents whose facts (or otherwise) one can investigate for oneself—which cannot be said of all the "facts" released by Whitehall, Fleet Street, or Broadcasting House. I sometimes read them and they puzzle me. I am for ever bamboozled by the blurb of the paper covers or the reviewers. Every one I ask for is a "classic," the greatest thing of its kind produced in our time, containing more of beauty, of truth, of wisdom, of imagination than all the works of all the prophets and sages, poets and novelists, since Time ran. If they deal with war (and mostly they do) they are admissible for discussion in "A War Newsletter." If with peace, they are not ruled out, since peace is now an "authorised" topic. Melancholy and disillusion were the keynotes of the cross-section I hit upon. I read Miss Myers's *A Well Full of Leaves*. I was made aware of the imagination it revealed. I can't say it helped me to an understanding of the rising generation or inspired in me a faith in the future. Some of the characters seemed to me "mad, bad and dangerous." Atheism, sadism and egotism provide a field for imaginative writing of a remarkable kind, yet I hope *A Well Full of Leaves* is, like *Wuthering Heights*, an excrescence and not a mirror of human life and thought to-day. I do not agree that M. Maurois's *Call No Man Happy* is an infelicitous title. This is the saddest book of its kind I have come across. It is drowned in *lacrymæ rerum*; it vibrates with doom as a Greek tragedy. I have often said that autobiography is an impossible literary form, because no man can bring himself to reveal the intimacies of his own life. Mr. Maurois, a Frenchman and a novelist, achieves the impossible, without losing the reader's sympathy. But melancholy marks him for her own. Miss Keyes's *If Ever I Cease to Love* is in more conventional form, in the *Gone with the Wind* tradition. Melancholy and disillusion brood over it also. Well, it's natural enough after a Thirty Years War, this inky cloak of black despair. But I am not sure we may not be better employed in reading the literature of happier days. Disillusion builds nothing, courage is cheerfulness. We have need of heady drums in the van of our march. Boswell's *Johnson*; *Lorna Doone*, *John Inglesant*, such old favourites as these supply better, to my mind, the martial music we need on our uphill road.

THE OLD STAGER

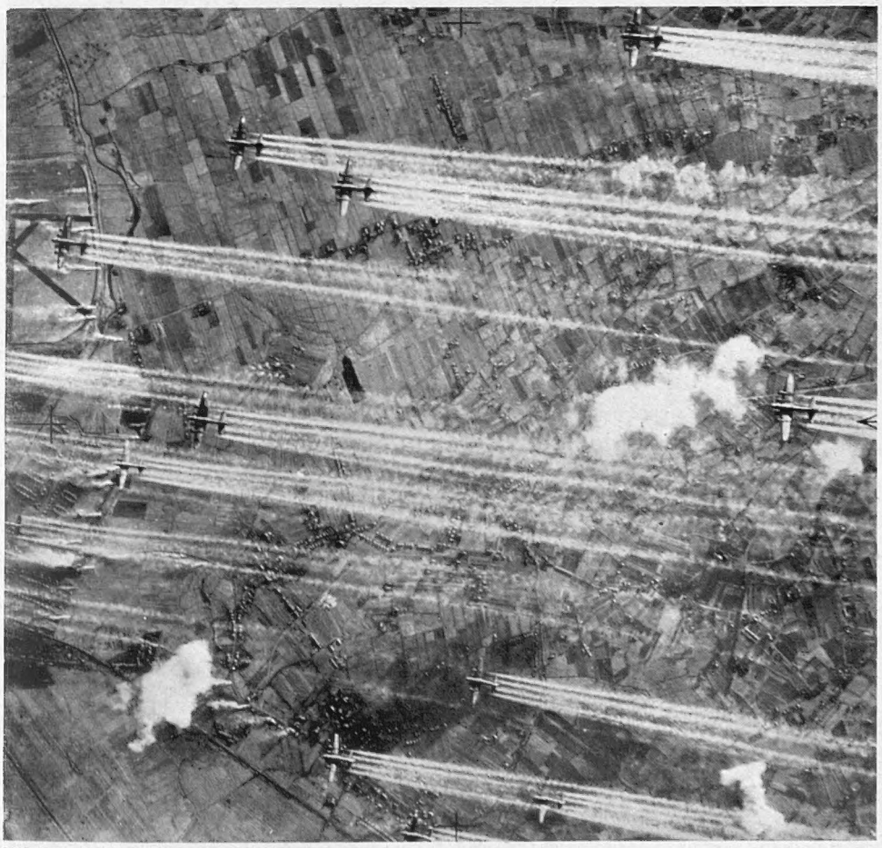
THE BRITISH IN THE AZORES

Flying Fortresses of Coastal Command at Their Dispersal Points at One of the New Air Bases in the Islands

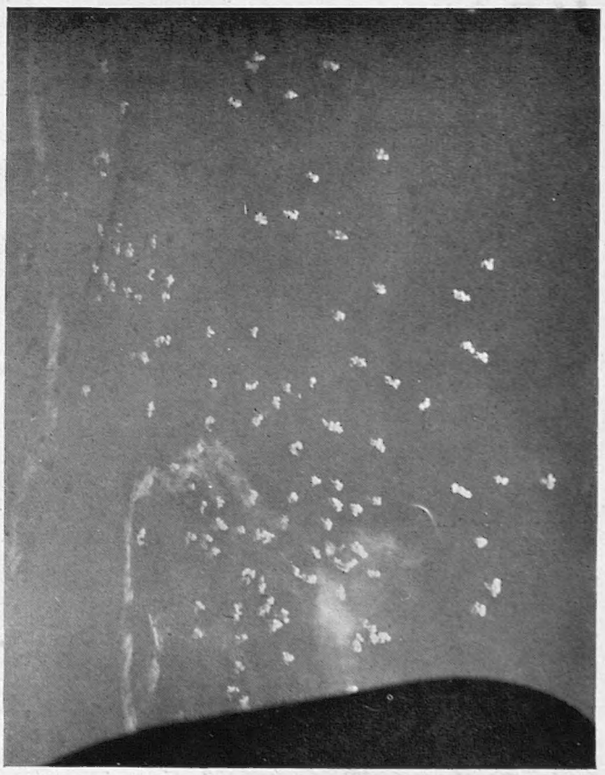
Since the Portuguese Government granted the Allies facilities in the Azores, there have been rapid and interesting developments in the U-boat war; and it would appear as if this menace to our shipping throughout the Atlantic has now definitely been checked. On pages 9–11 of this issue certain aspects of the Atlantic campaign are outlined and illustrated. The picture reproduced above shows the promptitude with which the R.A.F. have made use of the valuable air bases in the islands. The big and long-range Flying Fortresses lined up on the ground are now operating with the greatest of success over the ocean shipping routes, and have thus eliminated the previous dangerous Atlantic "gap"

The AMERICAN ATTACK on BREMEN

Two Pictures Taken Over the German Seaport on December 20



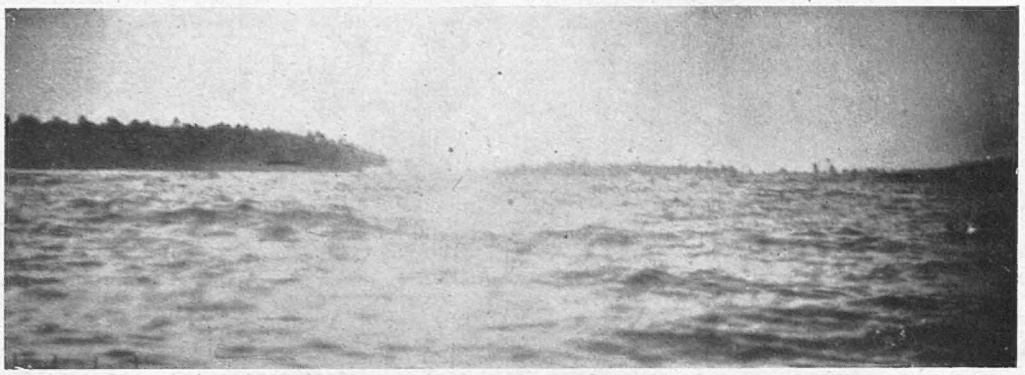
VAPOUR TRAILS OVER BREMEN, heralding destruction to another Nazi war-target: As these Flying Fortresses stream over the vital German seaport town of Bremen, each exhibits four long vapour trails from its powerful engines. Bremen had become Germany's leading seaport since the destruction of Hamburg. Fortresses and Liberators of the U.S. Eighth Air Force hit hard at the great dock and shipbuilding yards there on December 20. They battled their way by daylight through intense flak and determined enemy fighter opposition to reach the target, whilst other bombers also attacked the F.W. repair factory, large textile works and grain- and lumber-mills. The Fortresses in this picture are attacking in formation; a Nazi aerodrome can be seen in the top of the picture. Twenty-one enemy fighters were shot down by the bombers' gunners during the raid



WHITE PUFFS OF SMOKE AGAINST THE DARK BACKGROUND OF SKY. This is the dense flak which met the American bombers above Bremen during the big attack by daylight on December 20, as seen from one of the Liberators which took part in the raid

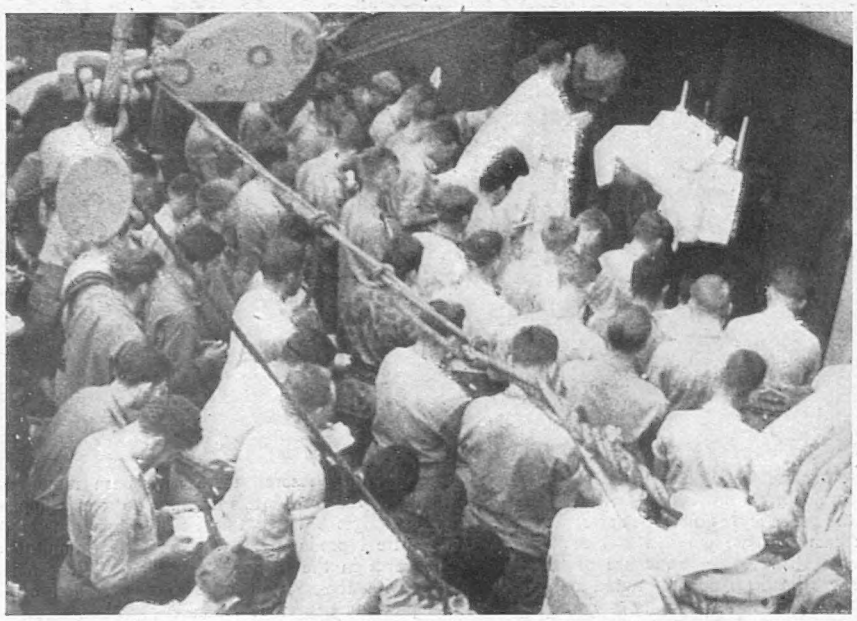
The BATTLE of TARAWA in the Gilbert Islands

¶ On November 23, 1943, U.S. Marines and soldiers took the Gilbert Islands in the bloodiest battle of the war in the Pacific. In three days of the fiercest fighting the Marine casualties were over 3,500 killed and wounded. These pictures are from stills from the official News-reel, taken whilst the fighting on the island was still in progress



THE OBJECTIVE: This is a view of Makin island, the tiny South Pacific coral reef, where the U.S. Marines and troops landed in November last. The picture was made through the periscope of an American submarine prior to the shelling of Jap positions on the island

PART OF THE JAPANESE EQUIPMENT ON THE ISLAND wrecked by the heavy U.S. assault from sea, land and air: this assault was followed by bitter hand-to-hand fighting

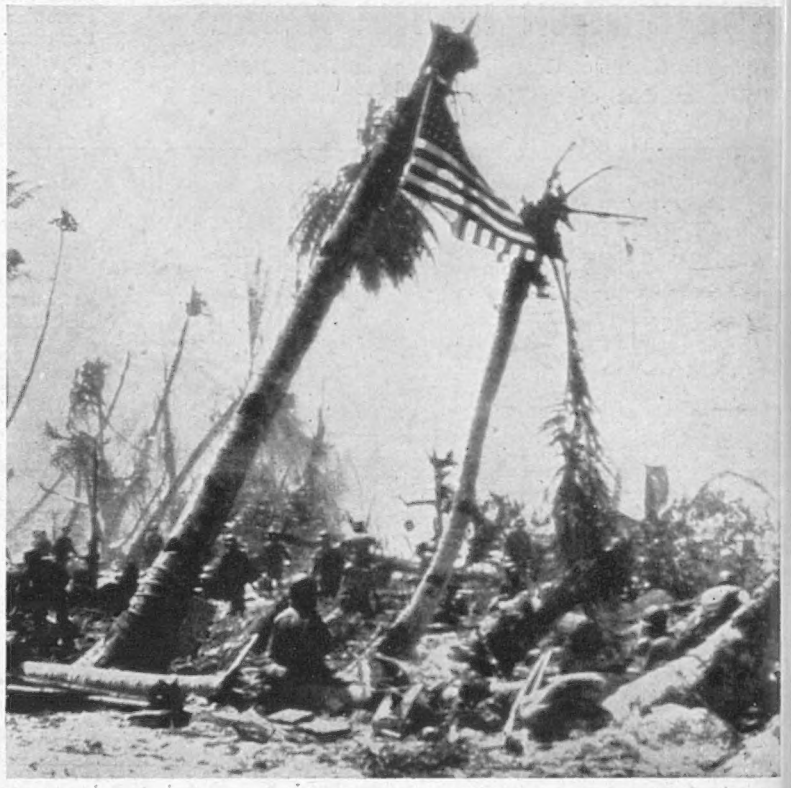


PRAYER BEFORE BATTLE: U.S. Marines who took part in the landing attend Divine Service on the deck of their transport just before going into action. Many of them did not live to witness the victory over the Japs

AMID THE SMOULDERING WRECKAGE AND THE BLASTED PALMS, Marines (in foreground) inch their way forward on the island. A disastrous shift in the wind took a high toll of American lives during the actual landings

TROOPS OF THE 165TH INFANTRY (formerly the "Fighting 69th" of New York) advance on Butaritari Beach, on Makin Atoll, which is already blazing from the naval bombardment. Medium tanks have been landed on the island and are cleaning out Jap machine-gun nests

TARAWA WAS PUT INTO SERVICE AS AN AMERICAN OPERATIONAL BASE as soon as it had been captured. Here the island's airfield is being made usable by American tractors



AN HOUR AFTER AMERICAN TROOPS HAD LANDED on Butaritari Beach the U.S. flag was flying from a palm tree. The landings were the first to be made on territory which belonged to Japan before the outbreak of the present war

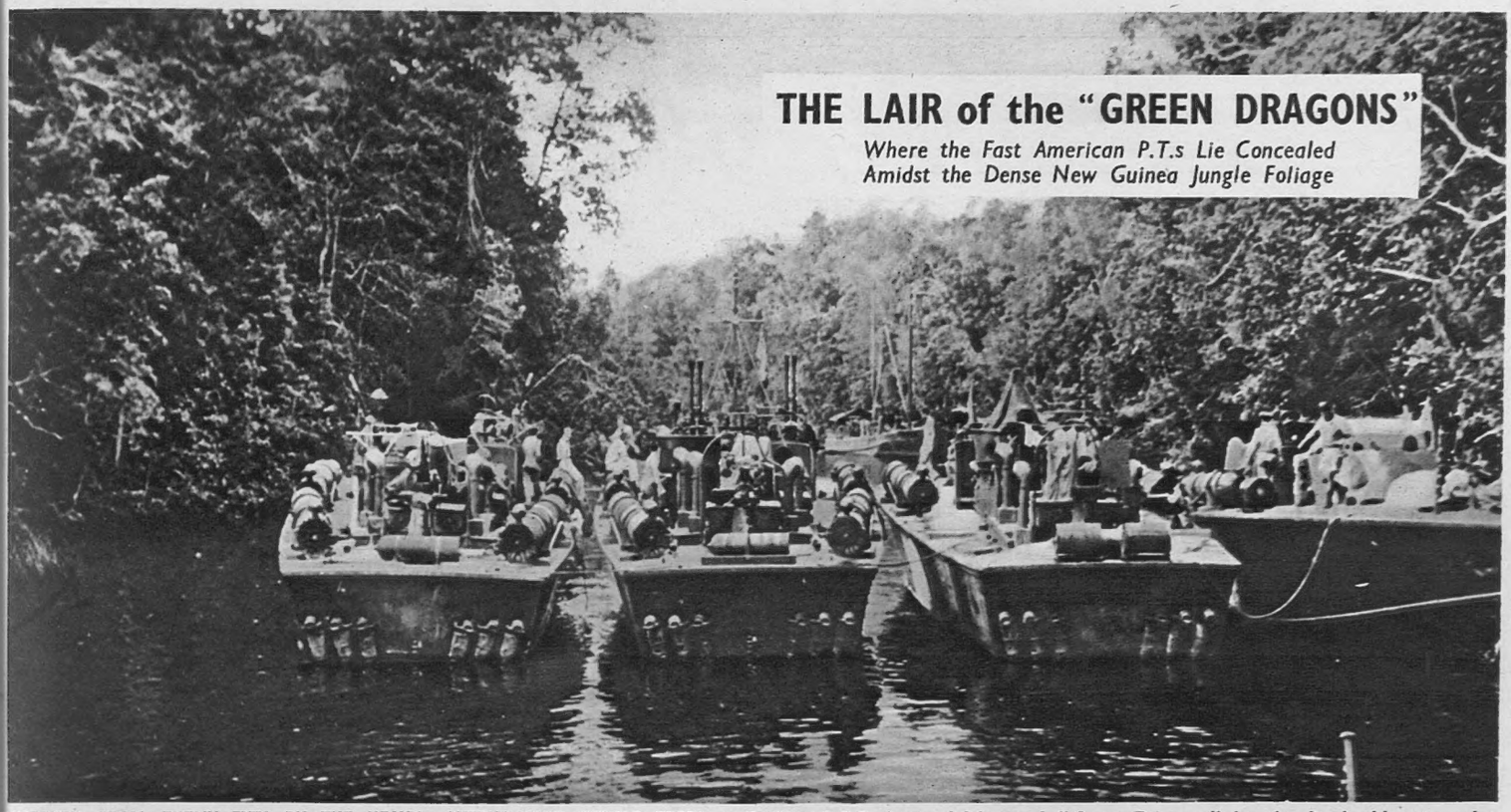
The official U.S. Navy film, *Battle of Tarawa*, was compiled from pictures made by Navy and news-reel cameramen. It tells the story of how the Gilbert Islands, in the Pacific, were captured on November 23 last by U.S. Marines and soldiers when—in seventy-six hours—the Americans suffered casualties greater than those suffered during six months' conflict on Guadalcanal—1,025 killed, 2,557 wounded.

Land- and carrier-based bombers hammered furiously at the Japanese shore defences before the landing, and Navy guns opened up offshore to hurl 1,500 tons of shells which, with 1,000 tons of aerial bombs, battered the enemy's installations. The Marines pushed off into a plunging sea to seize an initial beachhead on tiny mile-square Betio, highly protected central fortification of the Tarawa Atoll and toughest Gilbert objective. After the first waves of Marines were ashore, Navy guns fired over their heads at the powerful Japanese positions. Enemy coastal guns replied, but a murderous new barrage helped the Marines to widen their beachhead.

Ships and planes continued support as the Marines inched their way through smouldering wreckage, as the Japanese took a heavy toll from their skilfully engineered dug-outs and pillboxes. Supplies were landed as the Marines advanced and finally knocked out the enemy garrison, many of the Jap positions standing up throughout the savage bombardment and being taken only by hand-to-hand combat.

THE LAIR of the "GREEN DRAGONS"

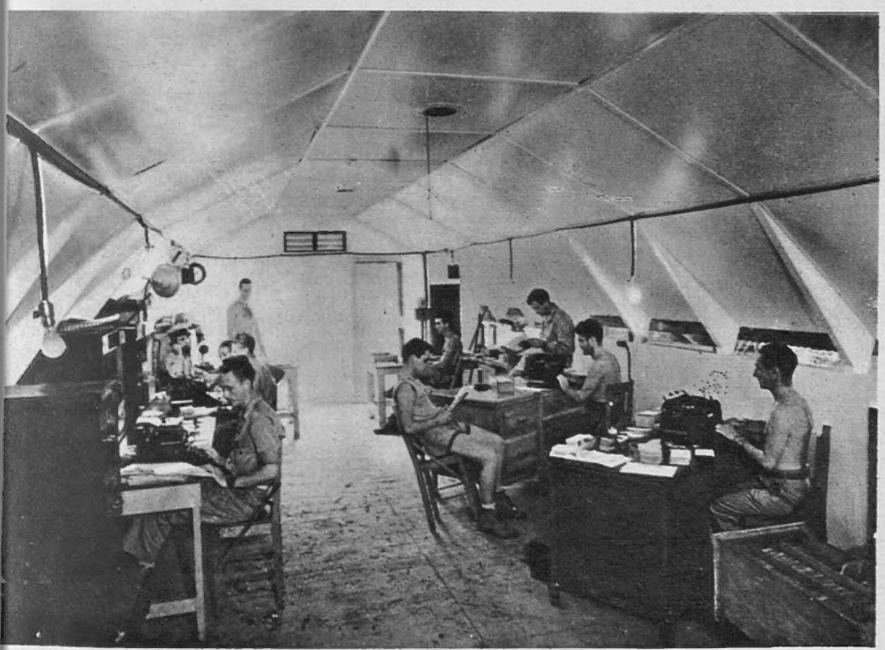
Where the Fast American P.T.s Lie Concealed Amidst the Dense New Guinea Jungle Foliage



SCREENED FROM ENEMY EYES BY THE HEAVY, OVERHANGING JUNGLE TREES, a flotilla of P.T. boats (nicknamed "Green Dragons" by the Japs) ride at anchor in a New Guinea inlet. From this and other similar bases, as the sun sets, slip the fast, hard-hitting craft to carry out nightly raids on Jap installations and Jap inter-island communications in the South-West Pacific

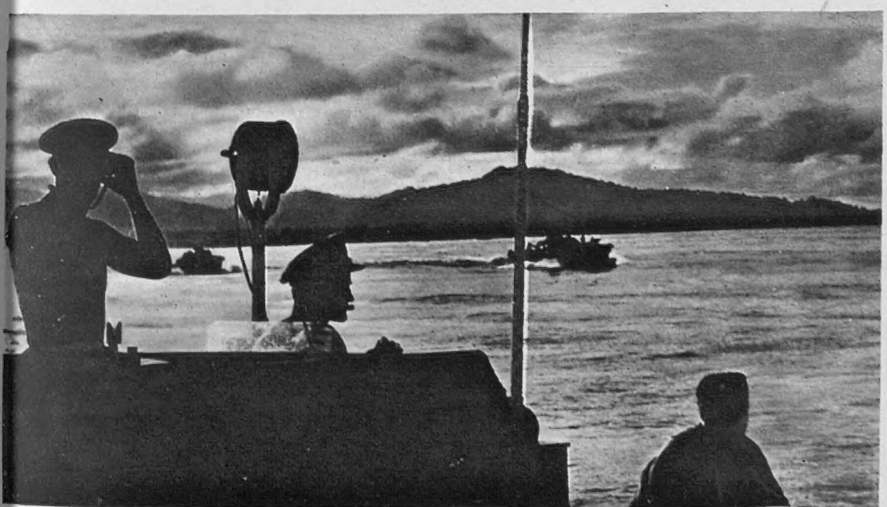
In the South-West Pacific the U.S. Navy have battleships, cruisers, aircraft-carriers, destroyers and other warships. They also have a number of P.T.s—the very fast, hard-hitting motor torpedo-boats which the Japs call "Green Dragons" and which they have learned to fear. These P.T.s operate from secret bases hidden amongst the Pacific islands and concealed by the dense vegetation of the tropics: the Headquarters staffs and the crews live in camps hewn out of the jungle. By day plans are perfected for the night's sorties, the boats are refuelled and serviced, guns are overhauled and charts are studied. As night falls, the M.T.B.s slip out for their raids on the Jap lines of communication.

The P.T. type is normally a vessel of some 70 ft. or more in length: each costs something around 20,000 dollars, and has a speed of 45 knots. Their usual armament consists of four 18-in. torpedo-tubes and machine-guns, anti-aircraft weapons and depth-charges. There are hundreds of them in commission, and they have performed work of the highest importance.



THE SPACIOUS AND MODERN HEADQUARTERS OFFICE of a skilfully-concealed "Green Dragon" base. From Operation Centres like this the deadly forays against the Japs are planned. Outside this office lie the tangled trees and dense underbrush of the Pacific jungle

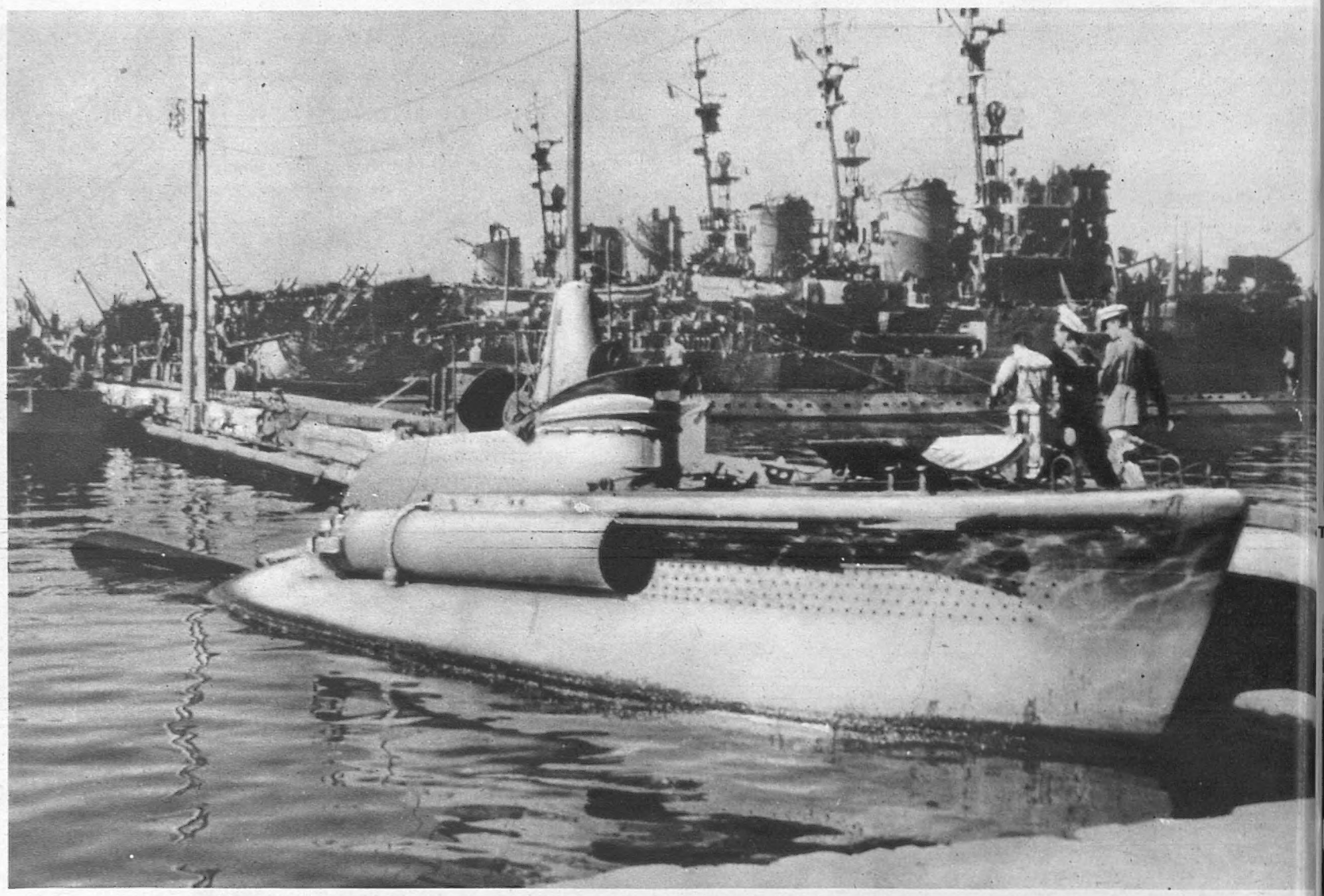
DURING THE DAY THE BOATS ARE SERVICED, and the P.T. crews rest in a comfortable camp hewn from the jungle. Petrol is brought to the base by landing-craft



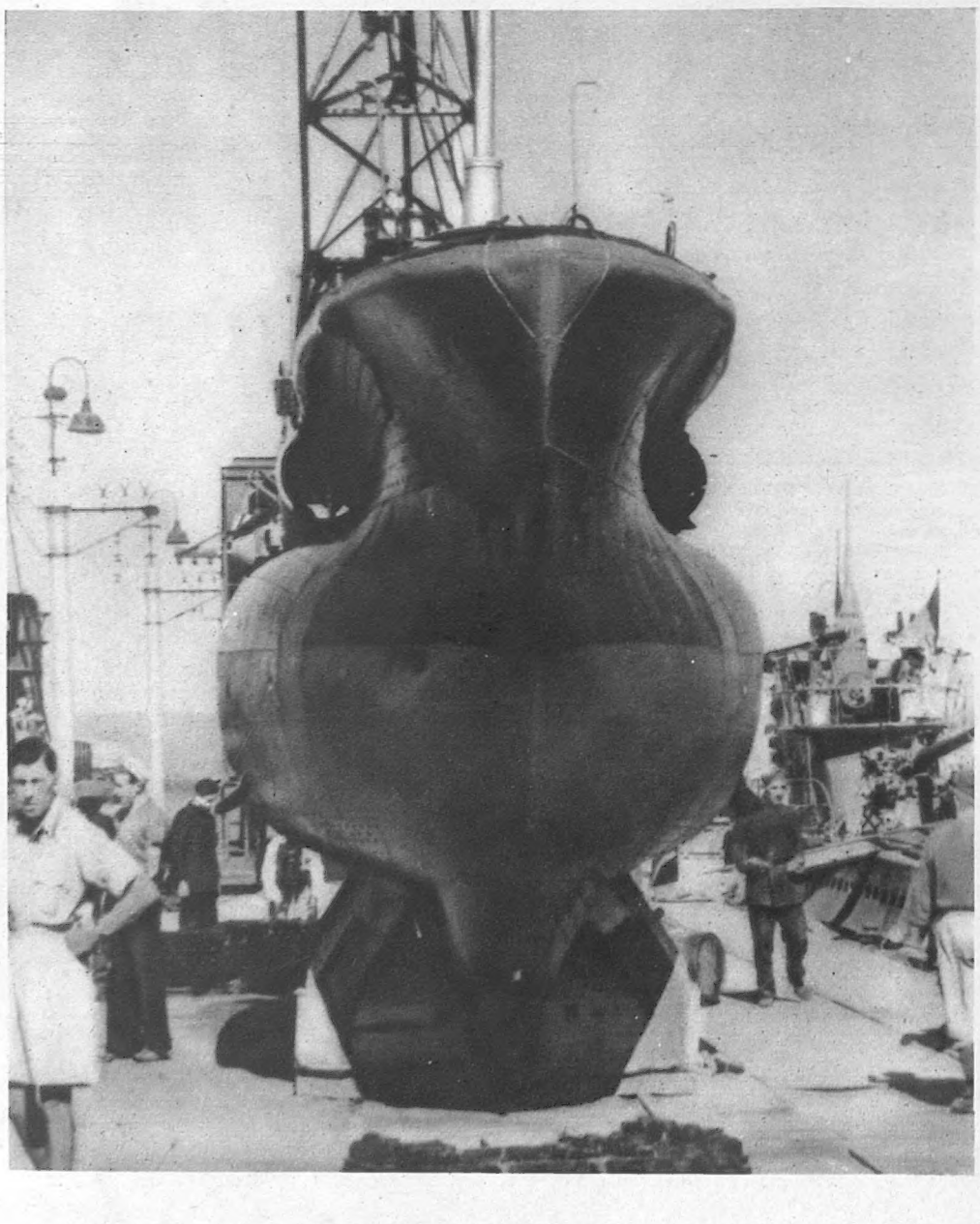
THE FAST P.T. MOTOR TORPEDO-BOATS SETTING OUT FROM THEIR LAIR at nightfall to carry out an attack on the Japs. They slip from island to island at great speed and hit the enemy hard where least he expects it

THE CREW OF A P.T. BOAT GATHER FOR A MEAL in their cramped quarters. The clammy heat makes near-nudity essential

b



THIS ITALIAN MIDGET SUBMARINE FELL INTO BRITISH HANDS AT TARANTO WHEN THE ITALIAN FLEET SURRENDERED. The tiny vessel closely resembles a mot torpedo-boat, except for the periscope : the torpedoes are discharged from tubes at each side. Below the water-line (as clearly shown in the picture belo there are big bulges at each side of the vessel



ITALIAN MIDGET SUBMARINE and GIANT GERMAN TRANSPORT PLANE

Details of Both of which are Now Known to the Allies Through Specimens which Have Fallen Into Our Hands

When the Italian Fleet surrendered under the terms of the armistic amongst the vessels taken over by the Allies at Taranto was t midget submarine illustrated on this page. Most of the great Powe are reported to have made use of these vessels at various times : the Ja used them at Pearl Harbour and, later, in an abortive attempt in Sydn Harbour ; the Germans are reported to have specimens in use again the Russians in the Black Sea, having transported them overland by w of Rumania ; and the British used them recently in Norway. At t outbreak of war the Russians were also said to be in possession of son of them.

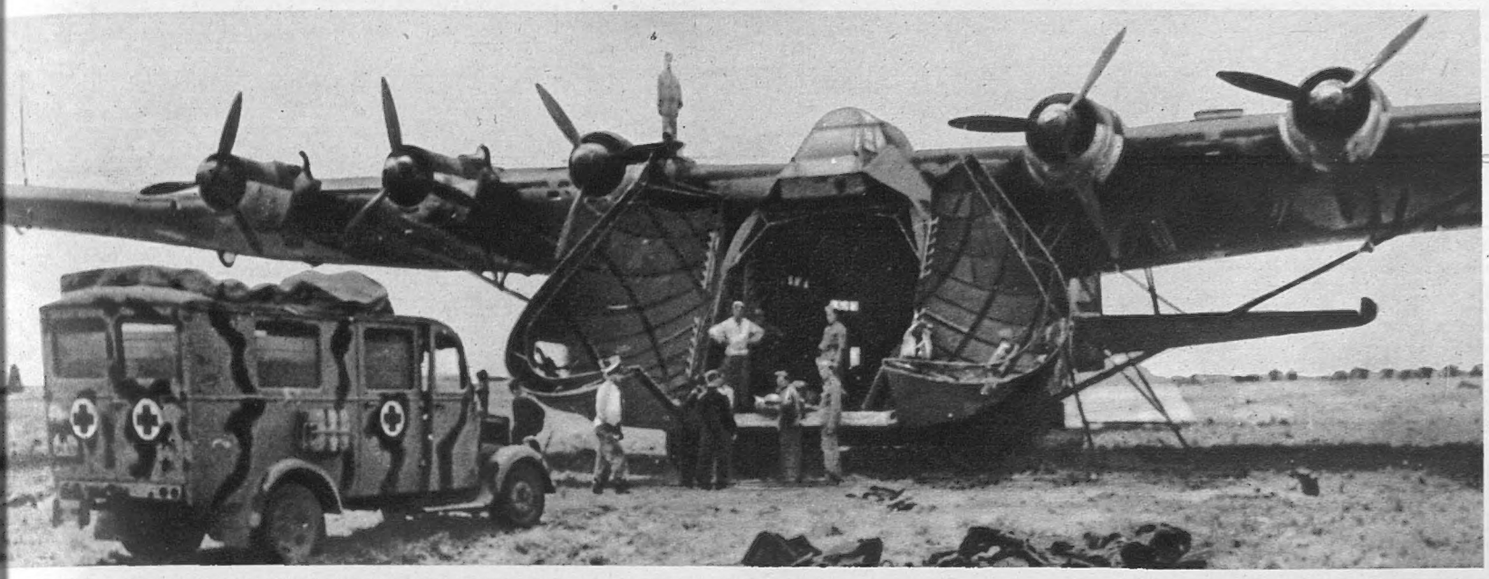
Experts have had an opportunity of examining the Japanese typ as specimens were captured both in Hawaii and in Australia. Now similar opportunity has arrived for a thorough inspection of the Italia type. The superstructure of the midget illustrated here gives the ves a resemblance to a motor torpedo-boat : but whilst her bows approxima to this type, she has the conning-tower and periscope of a true submarin Her torpedoes are discharged by means of tubes lying alongside the hul below the water-line are big bulges, obviously intended for the stora of more torpedoes and other equipment. The two pictures given he are the first ever published in Britain of this tiny war vessel.

Previously, it was known that Italy had weapons of this nature ; i particular, much display was made throughout Mussolini's dictatorsh of "two-man torpedoes," on which the crew (in special diving-suit perched for under-water flights—or so it was said. The vessel depicte here is a much more sensible and scientific version !

The pictures reproduced on the facing page, of the huge German tran port aircraft, the Me. 323, have just been taken off Germany "secret list," so it is stated. This may be because a number of them ha fallen into Allied hands, and thus allowed us to learn the details of th construction ! Briefly summarised, this big aircraft can carry from 1 to 130 fully-armed troops, or one light tank, or one 3-ton motor lor All heavy cargoes can be taken on board through the nose, as shown the upper picture.

For want of a better term, the Me. 323 has been described as "powered glider." When fully loaded, this type has to be towed off t ground, but sufficient power is provided to enable the craft, once it h discharged its load, to return to base under its own power. The Me. 3

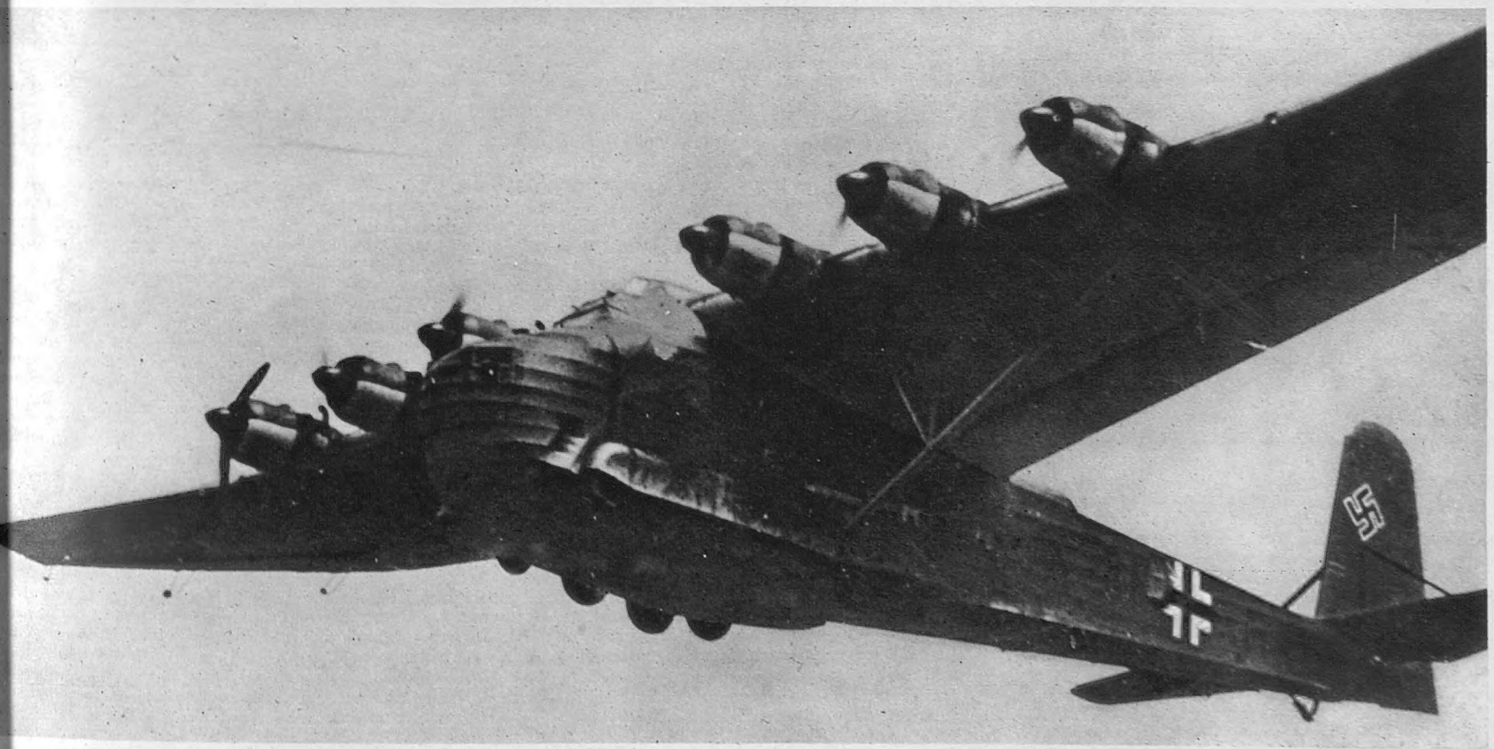
On left—**A CURIOUS VIEW OF THE MIDGET SUBMARINE** aft she had been lifted out of the water on to the quayside a Taranto. With a turnip-shaped under-water bulge, the bo possesses the bows of a miniature torpedo-boat, but also ha the stern, conning-tower and periscope of a submarine



HE BIGGEST LAND-BOUND AIRCRAFT IN THE WORLD—the German "Gigant," or Me. 323—the six-engined plane which has been used by the German Army for the transportation of heavy freight of all kinds over great distances. This picture shows it in use as a Red Cross plane: the nose opens right up in two halves, like the doors of a big barn, to permit lorries, and even tanks, to be taken on board. The pilot sits high up above the bulging nose. With a full load, the aircraft usually has to be towed off the ground

HE PROTRUDING NOSE OF THE ME. 323 and the multi-wheeled landing gear. Five wheels are mounted in tandem on each side, giving the aircraft something of the appearance of a giant caterpillar

THE SKELETON OF THE GIANT AIRCRAFT, showing the mass of girdering of which it is constructed. This specimen was shot down by British airmen over the Mediterranean and completely burned out



E GIANT TRANSPORT PLANE IN FLIGHT. Its wing-span is 178 ft., and its length 88 ft.—huge dimensions for an aircraft. It can accommodate about 130 fully-armed troops, but can also be used for carrying heavy stores. As it is not intended for bombing, the Me. 323 is not highly powered, and it has to be assisted off the ground when carrying a full load. Many of these aircraft were shot down during the German retreat from Tunis

truly a giant, with a colossal wing-span, and capable of ing a load of ten tons in all.

The aircraft is a high-wing monoplane: the power is ovided by six French Gnome-Rhone radial engines each rated 700-800 h.p. These are placed in the leading edge of the wing, ee on each side of the fuselage. The pilot's cockpit is high up above the main cabin which, as stated before, can be opened out to take heavy cargoes through its nose. Two large "barn-doors" open out and, when low ramps have been put in place, a lorry or small tank can be driven right in to the capacious interior. During operations in Tunisia (as, indeed, previously in Russia), many Me. 323's were shot down: scores of hundreds of enemy soldiers must have lost their lives in this fashion. The five wheels on each side of the fuselage give the aircraft a "caterpillar" appearance when in the air: it has, in fact, been dubbed the "Flying Caterpillar." Its great wing-span, of 178 ft., is about twice that of a Stirling. Judged by modern standards, its speed in the air is very low.

The DWINDLING EUROPEAN MONARCHIES

—And the Likelihood that They Will Dwindle Much Farther as the Outcome of the Present Conflict

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THERE may not be more than half-a-dozen monarchies left in Europe at the end of this war. A generation ago there were sixteen—nineteen, if one counted the lesser Kings of Saxony, Württemberg and Bavaria. The decline of European monarchy has been an outstanding characteristic of the stormy twentieth century.

Casualties have been isolated or in clusters. At present it looks as if a landslide of thrones is in the offing, second only to that which World War I provoked. This is, in fact, a time when all convinced monarchists would like to see Kings taking every care to preserve their small number of remaining dynasties, avoiding demoded councillors and moving with the times.

The circumstances under which King Peter and King George have been at loggerheads with an apparent majority of their peoples in Jugoslavia and Greece epitomise one side of the decline of European monarchy. This will not work, and cannot survive, under dictatorship.

The other thing that kingship does not survive is the loss of an aggressive war. (Bulgaria, in 1918, was the exception proving the rule.) Monarchies go for other reasons, personal and political, but the above two causations are overwhelmingly at the bottom of the shrinkage of crowned heads in this century.

WHEN THE RUMANIAN KING THOUGHT THAT THE GERMANS WERE WINNING: The young King Mihai (who succeeded his notorious father, King Carol) visiting a German seaplane base to watch aircraft take off for operations against Russia in the Black Sea. There is little reason for the Russians, or the British, to treat Mihai lightly when this war ends!

The Greek King is identified with the 1937-41 Metaxas regime, which His Majesty was instrumental in imposing on his country after it had voted him back from London exile on the understanding that democratic rule would prevail. It says a lot for Greek partiality to a throne that King George still has a following to be reckoned with. Meanwhile, the position stands at this: "When the long-desired hour of liberation of our motherland strikes, I shall examine anew the question of the date of my return to Greece."

King Peter is the less implicated heir of his Fascist uncle, ex-Regent Paul. It will be a pity if this young man goes, for, in wise hands, he could make a fresh and youthful start. One remembers how his father, as a young man of twenty-five, became the hero of his country for fighting its terrible campaigns in 1915; one wonders if the memory will send his son to lead the Tito campaign which the Allies are sponsoring.

As long as these two kings are identified with *émigrés* governments suspect of wishing to revive pre-1941 regimes in Belgrade and Athens, their chances of regaining their thrones will recede—maybe out of sight, if they are not careful—and this despite the valuable services each rendered to the cause of freedom when it was in a bad way by courageous escapes from Hitler's clutches.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

Hitler set great store on roping in Kings. He wanted to corral them all in the 1940 blitz and use them as royal gauleiters. But, at all costs, they were not to reach Britain, and so was witnessed the *Luftwaffe's* murderous pursuits of Kings Haakon, George and Peter, and the German parachutists' attempts to capture Holland's Queen and Princess.

Examine the present picture further. Why has King Victor's stock sunk many degrees below zero? Because, in Sforza's searing words, he not only "violated his most sacred oaths" by backing dictatorship, but ruined his country as well by signing it into a catastrophic war of aggression. An eventual republic in Italy looks to be close on a certainty, though approach to it may have to be made by compromise, such as a Regency for Umberto's six-year-old son. Alone the latter-day record of regents would gravely handicap this meagre hope of the House of Savoy.

Besides Prince Paul's, other regencies to earn the reputation of being mere cloaks for New Order rule have been those of Horthy and the Antonescu set-up enfolding young Michael. It may well be the Allied intention to get rid of old Horthy's twenty-three-year Regency without an heir in sight, should the Hungarians show no inclination to do so. Their Premier, Kallay, says that most of the population remains monarchist, and there is talk of Archduke Ludwig of Hapsburg as the future wearer of the Crown of St. Stephen, which has been preserved in a special shrine at Budapest as the symbol of monarchy ever since Kaiser Karl slipped away down the Danube in 1918. Whatever happens, a change is indicated from the Admiral on his White Horse.

As for the Rumanian monarchy, it has been a mess for many years, a burden to its own people and a danger to others. King Michael will need all the attraction of youth and presence to survive the rapids ahead.

And shall the Allies again countenance a continuance of the robber Coburg-Orléans dynasty in Sofia? The baby Simon is currently being "looked after" by his Fascist Uncle Cyril. His Italian mother, Queen Joanna, has been put in a back seat. A Regency would mean long years, pending Simon's majority, during which perpetual watch would have to be kept lest the old gang should re-emerge. However, the odds are strongly on the Bulgars changing their own regime so as to earn favour with the victorious head of Slavdom.

The conclusion, then, is that we may witness a landslide of monarchy in South and South-East Europe. This is deduced from the fact that four of the six countries involved—Italy, Hungary, Bulgaria and Rumania—have kicked away both props that support monarchy. They not only adopted dictatorships; in addition, each is losing a war of aggression.

As for the two others—Yugoslavia and Greece—they will be on the winning side, and none the less may discard their Kings because, under these, dictatorship was imposed, and might be again.

Nor are we likely to witness a counterbalancing revival of quenched dynasties. None of the pretenders in the field has any serious prospects of success; in most cases practically nil. Archduke Otto personifies a very small percentage of the people of Austria, which looks headed for a second Republic. Carol's high-pressure publicity campaign from Mexico City cannot mean a thing, since, in the unlikely eventuality of Rumanians inviting him back—anything in a deluge—negativing Allied influences would assuredly be brought to bear.

Don Juan is thought by authorities to have missed the bus, if he ever could have caught one. He still has powerful backing, especially in London and the Vatican, yet the Spanish mood is deemed to be broadening towards another republic, and this tends to be borne out by the latest posturing of the Falange, which extends the prospect of quick liberties and benefits to the working-classes, possibly with a view to one day making a last bid in the same guise as Farinacci's "Fascist Socialist Republic." But the pull exerted by external democratic triumph should decisively swing events in Spain; by the way, another to lose its monarchy because this acquiesced in a dictator.

The Comte de Paris, who has just had a ninth child at Blois Castle, is too tainted by Vichy to stand one chance in a thousand of becoming Henri VI. The only vague chance he had was in 1940-41, when Pétain's prestige was high, and the old man did give a thought to the Count. But "We Phillipe" must have decided otherwise opposite a mirror, and it is just as well, for if this restoration had been made, it would never have lasted, and would in all probability have meant a civil war.

A Pretender said to have at least a remote chance some day is Duarte of Braganza. By reason of his marriage to the Brazilian heiress of the same House, Duarte may have attracted the notice of Dr. Salazar, who is all for bringing Portugal and Brazil close together. All the same, the end of the Portuguese Republic, thirty-three years old and successful of its kind, is quite unlikely.

Finally, one hears of Louis-Ferdinand as a possible Hohenzollern revival in a segregated Prussia. More likely, should any King return to Germany, will the first be Bavaria's old Rupprecht, who avoided involving himself with the Nazis and is still popular.

So it comes down to this. After this war, monarchy is certain of survival in five instances only: Britain, the Netherlands, Norway, Denmark and Sweden, which are the like-thinking, smaller Western democracies, less Belgium, with which General Smuts would have Britain federate; he deliberately put in that "smaller" so as to rule out France—not surprising, considering what he said about her in the same address.

Belgium is spoken of as not fully decided. King Leopold is respected as the prisoner of Laeken, but there are past circumstances which may promote a change that might not be wholly displeasing to this headstrong mountaineer. The King's 1937 policy of isolating Belgium, militarily, has been criticised, while his second marriage might be another cause of opposition. Nevertheless, I see a King Baudouin, if not a King Leopold; I fail to see a Belgian Republic, and so Belgium completes the half-dozen monarchies listed as certain to come through.

Such a shrinkage would mean monarchy prevailing only on the northern fringe of Europe. And to think, when I first went round Europe before the last war, that one came across but three republics—France, Switzerland and Portugal! The rest was royal, royal, all the way. To-morrow there may be as many republics as there then were monarchies. This may be post-war republican Europe: France, Switzerland, Portugal, U.S.S.R., Spain, Italy, Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania, Eire, Finland, the Baltic Lands, and maybe Albania, Greece and Yugoslavia.

Many, like Mr. Churchill, will regret the monarchical landslide, should it come to pass. Among the principal attractions of kingship are that it provides continuity and steadiness, a family respect for headship, colour and, repeatedly, more personal liberty than other regimes. There is no doubt that a monarchy can hold its own with any progressive republic, provided it remains constitutional and identifies itself in no way with aggressive wars.

CONFUSION IN THE BALKANS. *Above*—**The quisling Neditch, "President of the Serbian Council of Ministers," visits Hitler at his Headquarters—with Ribbentrop in attendance.** *On right*—**"Tito"—in other words, Josip Broz—leader of the Yugoslav Partisans, who has now spurned King Peter**

The young King of Yugoslavia is deeply involved owing to his country's internal confusion. General Mihailovitch, his War Minister, is reported to be linked up with Milan Neditch, the quisling Premier: on the other hand, Tito, leader of the Partisans, has shown himself to be very indifferent towards King Peter

TWO U-BOATS WORKING TOGETHER ON THE SURFACE PUT UP A CURTAIN OF FLAK as a Sunderland flying-boat comes in to the attack. The German submarines in the Atlantic seldom submerge nowadays, preferring to stay above and fight it out—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The NEW PHASE in the ATLANTIC U-BOAT WARFARE

With the Enemy Submarines Fighting It Out on the Surface against the Allied Aircraft

—Two Special Sphere Drawings

This drawing depicts an incident during a recent battle in the Atlantic when three U-boats were sunk and three others damaged. The Sunderland had sighted two U-boats in company about fifty yards apart, twenty miles from a convoy: both of them were of a large type, powerfully armed, but the Sunderland captain did not hesitate to attack. Depth-charges were dropped in the first attack, but undershot, and the captain immediately circled and prepared to deliver a second attack. He disdained evasive action and went straight in at 100 ft. on a steady course. In the meantime, the U-boats had manned their anti-aircraft guns and such concentrated fire was directed at the Sunderland that the gunnery officer and front turret gunner were killed at their posts. Severe damage was also caused to the flying-boat. In spite of this havoc, the captain courageously continued his attack with unyielding determination and attained a perfect straddle with his remaining depth-charges. The U-boat disappeared beneath the waves, severely damaged. The second U-boat stayed on the surface throughout and fired uninterruptedly while the aircraft was in range. The German ocean-going submarine is usually armed with one quick-firing gun (about 4-in. calibre), forward of the conning-tower, and one anti-aircraft gun aft, either on the deck behind the conning-tower or on a platform to the rear of the conning-tower itself. In addition, they probably carry a number of light machine-guns capable of being mounted at will on the bulwark of the conning-tower. The quick-firing gun is not ordinarily intended for anti-aircraft fire, the rate of fire not being great enough, but there is no doubt that it would join in the "flak" in the hope of a lucky hit—particularly as a Sunderland is a pretty big target when low down over the sea. In any case, flak put up by a submarine could at best be only a fraction of what a land anti-aircraft battery could fire

ANOTHER INCIDENT DURING AN ATLANTIC BATTLE WITH ENEMY U-BOATS: A German submarine is broken in half by depth-charges dropped by Liberators, whilst an Allied corvette closes in to finish off the stricken vessel—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

This submarine had been spotted travelling at about eight knots on the surface. It was soon being straddled by depth-charges dropped from the air. The U-boat gunners were attacked by the air gunners, and soon the German crew scrambled on to the conning-tower and then started to abandon the submarine, which broke in half, leaving twenty to thirty survivors in the water. Ordinarily, when cruising on the surface, the only access to, or egress from, the interior is by way of the conning-tower hatch. But in a grave emergency, such as the prospect of immediate sinking, the crew would scramble out of other available openings such as the torpedo-hatch forward or the after hatch. In any case, the crew could not "pour on deck" (as is often stated in reports), as all hatches only allow the passage of one man at a time

THE R.A.F. IN THE AZORES

A New Phase in the Battle Against the Atlantic U-boats

THE HOMECOMING OF THE U-BOAT KILLERS: An escort group of anti-submarine vessels after they had sunk two submarines (and probably two others) in the North Atlantic recently. They are H.M.S. "Versatile" (nearest camera), an 1,100-ton destroyer completed in 1918; behind, left to right—H.M.S. "Godaveri," a sloop of the Royal Indian Navy and largely operated by Indian personnel; H.M.S. "Vanessa," 900-ton destroyer launched in 1918; and H.M.S. "Vidette," 1,100-ton destroyer of the same class as the "Versatile"

THE BIRTH OF THE "ATLANTIC ECHO": This is a newspaper found by R.A.F. men soon after their arrival in the Azores. O picture shows the first editorial conference, with the Editor-Chief seated in the centre. The "Atlantic Echo" was plann to keep the men in the islands informed on current affa during their temporary isolation

THE ESCORT-CARRIER "CARD," ON WHICH THE AIRCRAFT WERE BASED, which recently (in conjunction with the Atlantic escort vessels) destroyed and damaged ma German U-boats than any other team in naval history. The "Card" is one of the new baby "flat-tops" specially designed for anti-submarine work: from h comparatively small flight-deck aircraft flew off to the attack of the German "wolf-packs." The work of this escort-carrier was praised by the President her return to an American east coast port

THE R.A.F. IN THE AZORES: Men of the first aircraft—a Walrus—which landed at an airfield in the islands from a naval carrier which escorted the convoy containing troops and equipment from Britain. Their aircraft was employed temporarily on operations under R.A.F. direction from the air base on shore until it was re-embarked by the carrier

IN NOVEMBER 1943, FOR THE FOURTH SUCCESSIVE MONTH, more U-boats were sent to the bott than Allied merchant ships. The U-boats also sank fewer merchant ships during Novemb than in any month since May 1940. This picture was taken as prisoners of war from German U-boat were being landed at a port in the West of England

THE ATLANTIC "GAP" NOW CLOSED BY ALLIED AIRCRAFT FLYING FROM THE RECENTLY-ACQUIRED BASES IN THE AZORES. A scene over one of the airfields, showing a Flying Fortress, a Wellington and a Hudson setting out for operational duties over the sea—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Within two weeks of the R.A.F. beginning operations in the Azores, a German U-boat had been sunk by a Flying Fortress. Since then other, and even more striking successes have resulted from the acquisition of the Portuguese bases. The use of the Azores has given Coastal Command control of the 1,000,000 square miles previously known as the "Atlantic Gap." Air Vice-Marshal Bromet is the Senior British Officer in the islands. The principal units under his command are squadrons of Fortresses, Wellingtons and Hudsons, which had already been successful in the anti-submarine operations in the Battle of the Atlantic. According to one expert, the Azores and their air bases are worth a squadron of very long-range aircraft, or at least 100 close-escort vessels. By means of our new bases a great air "umbrella" from the islands links-up in the mid-Atlantic with other R.A.F. patrols from Britain, Gibraltar, Iceland, Newfoundland, Canada and the United States

THE USE OF THE "LEIGH LIGHT": A Catalina flying-boat attacking a U-boat at night with the aid of its powerful searchlight beam. The introduction of this new method, however, has introduced fresh problems for our pilots—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The fitting of searchlights to aircraft on night patrols was, for some time, kept secret. Recently the fact that certain flying-boats were so fitted was made public. It was then stated that the powerful ray thrown out by this compact searchlight could be switched on at the appropriate moment, dazzling the observers on the U-boat below, and then switched off, leaving the oncoming plane in pitch darkness. Like all new gadgets, it introduces new problems to which the pilot has to become accustomed. One of these is the difficulty of determining the height of the waves after they have been illuminated brilliantly for a brief period. The heaving surface is lit up at an unusual angle, and it is at first not easy to determine one's height above the wave-tops. Very quick observation is required if the pilot is to avoid trouble

The SIGNIFICANCE of KIEV

Why the Germans are Resisting the Russians so Fiercely at this Very Vital Point

—With Two Sphere Diagrams

The intensity of the fighting which has been taking place to the west of Kiev and to the south-west of Kremenchug has given evidence of the vital nature of the struggle which has been taking place along the western banks of the Dnieper River. The tide of battle has been swinging to and fro. Weeks ago the Russians forced their way across the river barrier at several points. The Germans massed divisions in front of the Russians at Krivoi Rog, but it was chiefly in front of the Kiev front that the German resistance developed. There the German High Command massed both guns and armour at Zhitomir and Korosten, in the neighbourhood of Fastov. The reason for this desperate massing of force is shown on the special diagrammatic map given here.

It will be seen that the Kiev salient lies in front of one of the widest and most open doorways into Central Europe. In this gap there are no mountain obstructions; the, high, snow-peaked Carpathian range lies to the south-west, behind the upper waters of the Pruth and Dniester. On the northern side of the gap lie the troublesome Pripet Marshes. Between these two natural obstacles there is only slightly undulating country, offering no particular military difficulties. The more immediate target of a "break-through" is Warsaw, which is connected with Kiev by a main road and two main railways.

LIFE IN LENINGRAD, to the far north of the Russian line. Despite the proximity of the Germans in front of the city, these children are off to school as usual by scooter. A warning on the barrier behind indicates the presence of an unexploded bomb (see also picture and note below on right)

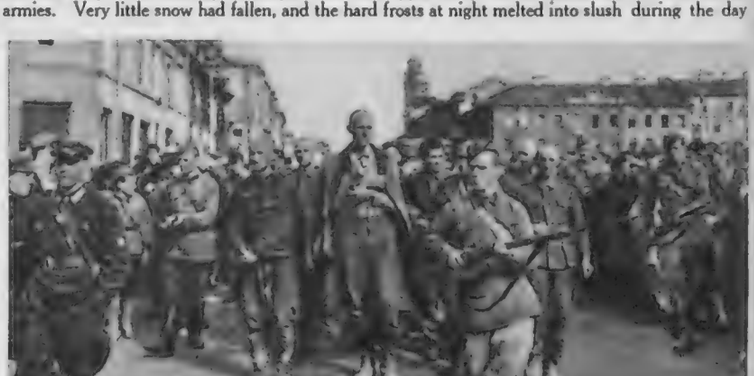
***Below*—THE RUSSIAN THRUSTS—FROM SMOLENSK TO THE CRIMEA. At Kiev the Red Army developed its most powerful attack: but this was flanked by others, both to north and south. Kiev is the vital point, and a complete break-through here would have far-reaching and disastrous effects**

THE "OPEN ROAD" TO WARSAW LIES BY WAY OF KIEV. There are few, if any, natural impediments to the Russian advance once Kiev is passed. Hence the furious German resistance in the "gap" to the south of the Ukrainian capital. For strategic reasons the Germans must try to stop this threat

The northern line goes by way of Korosten and Brest-Litovsk to the Polish capital. The more southerly line passes through Berdichev, Kovel and Lublin. In the third week of December, the chief Russian effort was in the district of Cherkasy, where further progress was made after the capture of the city and a definite linking up with the forces which had advanced from Kremenchug was accomplished. But the Kiev salient fighting remained, in the opinion of the experts, the most vital area. The dangerous possibilities for both sides were emphasised. The Germans had thrust forward to Malin, and any rearward movement forced upon the Russians would find a rain-swollen Dnieper behind them. On the other hand, any failure of this German counter-offensive would open up most serious military possibilities.

The Russian forces, under General Vatutin, maintained their ground near Malin, but had to face fierce onslaughts from the enemy, who gained a considerable advantage when a good road fell into their hands through the Russian evacuation of Radomysl. The Germans used tanks in the Malin sector in a novel manner, advancing, according to *Red Star*, in parallel columns, three or four miles long, and about the same distance apart.

In Moscow, the situation of Kiev is regarded as "tense, but not desperate"; the concentration of a large part of the German armour on the Kiev salient rendered the position critical, and the delay in the coming winter prevented the opportunity for the special skill of the Russian armies. Very little snow had fallen, and the hard frosts at night melted into slush during the day



THE GERMANS REACH THE STREETS OF LENINGRAD—AS PRISONERS: The heroic town of Leningrad, since the early days when Germany launched her campaign against the Russians, has stood firm—a front-line town with a will and determination of iron. Attack after attack has failed to soften the resistance of the townsfolk of the city. Working by day in the factories turning out munitions of war, they lay down their tools and leave their benches by night to build trenches and fortifications around Leningrad, to defend their beloved city on the Neva from the Hun invaders.

The Campaign in Italy

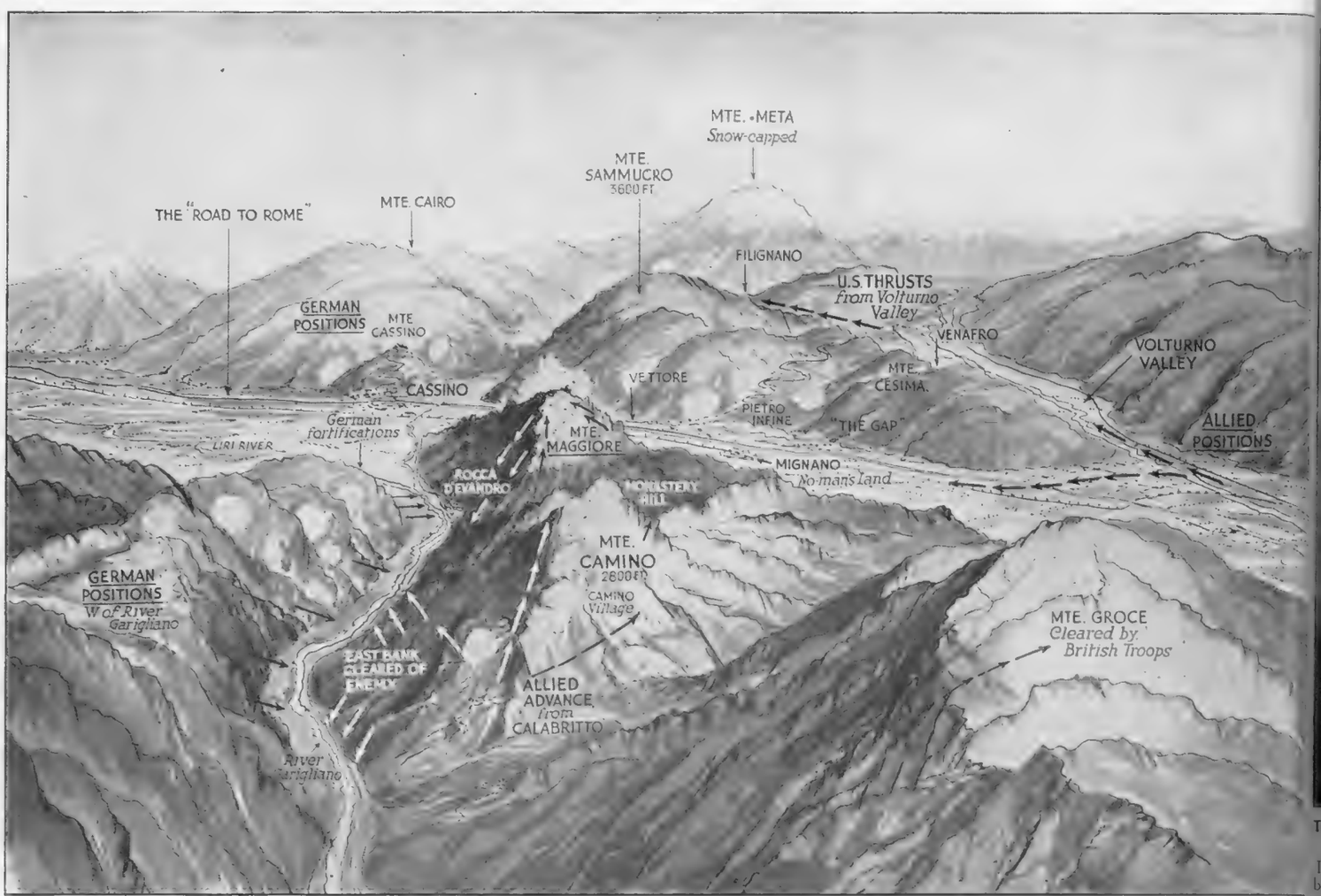
STORMING the CAMINO HEIGHTS

The Scene on "Monastery Hill," where British Soldiers and Germans Fought Almost Hand-to-Hand

—*A Special* Sphere *Drawing*

"Monastery Hill" is the highest peak in the Camino group: its capture is a tribute to the Infantry of the Fifth Army, who took it by assault despite the immense difficulties presented by its steep slopes and by the weather. Before the troops advanced, the artillery subjected it to severe assault; 5,000 shells were dropped in little more than five minutes as a final gesture. Just after sunset, the infantry detailed to storm the mountain gathered on the assembly line, so as to take full advantage of the hours of darkness. Then they set off up the steep slope in single file, following a line of tape paid out by the leading file. The night was overcast and got steadily colder: but the men had no greatcoats, as they had to travel light, and their rifles, cartridges, grenades and iron rations were all they could carry. The path got steeper and steeper, and for long stretches it was literally a case of going on hands and knees. After a time the slope became easier and the men spread out across the hillside. They were getting very close to the monastery itself: when about 100 yards from the latter, there was a sharp challenge in German from a sentry just ahead. He was only about 20 yards away! Everyone went down flat, and then they opened up with machine-guns. Even had the men carried entrenching tools they could not have dug in in the rocky soil. The voices of the Germans in front of the monastery were clearly distinguishable. As the assault proceeded, it was not long before the greater number of crests were in British hands.

THE CLOSE NATURE OF THE FIGHTING ON CAMINO: THE BRITISH ADVANCE UP THE STEEP SLOPES OF THE HIGHEST PEAK ("MONASTERY HILL") after the German positions had been subjected to a severe artillery assault. Working up to the summit, the infantry got very close to the enemy line when, suddenly, they were challenged in German by a sentry just ahead: they had reached to within twenty yards of him before being detected— (*see notes above*)—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*



THE FIGHTING AT THE GATEWAY TO THE ROAD TO ROME: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE MAGGIORE-CAMINO-CROCE MOUNTAIN AREA, showing where Infantry of the Fifth Army fought their way into the valley which leads through Cassino towards the Italian capital. The German positions to the west the River Garigliano are indicated on the left, and the direction of the British and American advances are marked by arrows (see notes below)—*Drawing by Percy Ha*

The Campaign in Italy

The MOUNTAIN FIGHTING in the CAMINO HILLS

Where the Fifth Army has been Battling Fiercely Amid Storms and Mists —*Special Sphere Drawings*

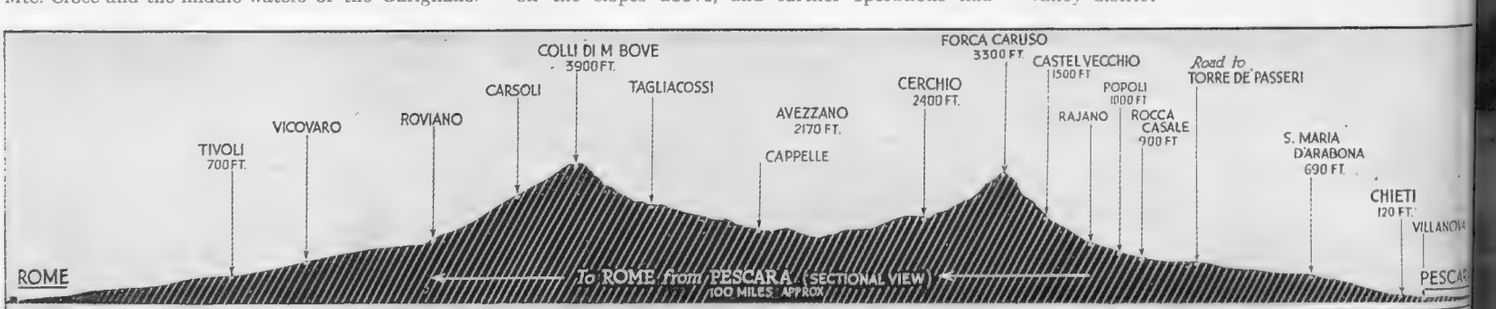
Some of the fiercest and most difficult fighting of the whole campaign has been taking place at the entrance to the long valley leading northwards to the environs of Rome. The district is referred to briefly as the Cassino area, from the name of the town which lies on its northern foothills. The above bird's-eye view is taken from above Mte. Croce and the middle waters of the Garigliano.

Two fiercely-contested hills, jagged, saw-toothed peaks, occupy the centre of the scene. They are Mte. Maggiore and Mte. Camino. They form a tapering hill mass running north-east from Mte. Croce, whose circular form suggests volcanic origin in some distant past. Amid rain-storms and mist, the British and U.S. troops cleared these two threatening hills. It took days of hot fighting to lever the defenders out of their concrete and rock positions.

An odd feature of the fighting in this area reveals how broken a "front" may really be. Mte. Croce, seen on the extreme right of the view, was finally cleared after the enemy had been driven from Mte. Maggiore and Mte. Camino. Once the enemy had crossed the Garigliano, shown to the left, he proceeded to dig himself in along the river and on the slopes above, and further operations had to be begun to lever him out of these and strong positions. An exchange of artil fire began in various directions across valleys.

While this central fighting was proceeding, American forces were thrusting forwards in weste and north-westerly directions from the Ven area. At the back of this rock-perched town the Volturno Valley there winds a road wh climbs over the intervening hills and descends winding hairpin bends to the Mignano Valley. town lies in what is known locally as the G This is the valley running straight through Cassino and the open "road to Rome."

The U.S. troops advanced to positions on hills flanking Mte. Sammucro. Artillery fire fr both sides of the valley made Mignano untena For some time it remained a no-man's-land, was ultimately occupied by the Allies. Furt to the north the U.S. troops pushed up anot road bearing north-west to Filignano, an operat which seemed to be connected with the Sulm valley district



THE VITAL ROAD WHICH RUNS FROM PESCARA, ON THE EAST COAST OF ITALY, TO ROME ON THE WEST. This is the highway which is the objective of both Eig and Fifth Armies. Here it is shown in section as it crosses the various Apennine peaks

Correspondents on the Italian front have referred to the Pescara-Rome highway in terms which would seem to indicate that it is a definite objective of the Eighth Army; we were given to understand that once this road was reached a way would be open for big things to happen. It has also been officially stated that it was the Allied intention to by-pass, as it were, the city of Rome and, presumably, encircle it from the north. The Pescara-Rome road is a well-made motor highway, the last of the good trans-Italian roads. A glance at an orographical map shows, however, that this highway is not altogether a delectable route from the military point of view. It pierces the highest part of the Apennines and is flanked by hills and mountains of commanding size; and the enemy, furthermore, has the will and the opportunity to smash its surface at various points. It begins at sea-level at Pescara, a small fortified town on the coast, and runs over flat land, gradually rising to 120 ft. Then, meeting the first range of the Apennines, it rapidly climbs to 1,500 ft. Chieti, capital of a province and a clean and busy town in peacetime, is passed on the left. The vast swelling sides of the Majello group loom up from this point in threatening inaccessibility. Popoli, a busy little town, rises up and is passed on the right. It is the junction point of roads from Pescara, Aquila, Avezzano and Sulmona; and it is commanded by the ruined castle of the Cantelmi, once rulers of the district. Close to the town the rivers Gizio and Aterno unite to form the Pescara, along which the railway line descends until it re the Adriatic.

From Castel Vecchio the road rises very steeply f 1,500 ft. to some 3,300 ft., dropping to 2,400 ft. at Cher and to 2,170 ft. at Avezzano. This provincial town h chateau built by the Colonnas, and subsequently belon to the Barberini. Near Avezzano is Alba Fucentia, wi in 303 B.C., was one of the most powerful strongholds in I Three hills were linked together with a strong polyg wall. The road again climbs to high ground by Taglia to Colli di Mte. Bove, at 3,900 ft. Thence it drops thro Carsoli, Roviano, Vicovaro, to Tivoli, at 700 ft. A gra decline leads one to the suburbs of Rome

THE FIERCENESS OF THE STRUGGLE IN THE APENNINE HILLS: The monastery on "Monastery Hill" (highest of the Camino peaks) catches fire when heavily bombarded by the German mortar batteries on the hills after the ejectment of the enemy—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The struggle for the two peaks of Mte. Maggiore and Mte. Camino was characterised by some of the stiffest fighting the Italian campaign has yet seen. Not only was the weather bad, but the nature of the terrain was exceptional. Both mountains have saw-edged outlines, indicating the jagged geologic structure of the whole mass. The troops had to crawl up goat-paths to the higher levels, when such patches could be found, often on hands and knees up the slippery rocks. Fighting developed round the actual buildings of the monastery crowning a mass of rock under the main summit ridge. The enemy held this position; it was attacked and British troops occupied the monastery. The Germans then began to pour in mortar bombs, the buildings were soon set on fire, making a fiery beacon among the hill-tops. The position was once again stormed by our troops, who finally drove the enemy from all the high ground, down the slopes, and beyond the Garigliano River

THE DIFFICULTIES OF SUPPLY FOR THE EIGHTH ARMY ENHANCED BY THE DANGERS OF THE SANGRO CROSSING. The pontoon bridges across the river come under heavy shell-fire as tanks and other traffic are passing over to the north bank—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Up on the high ground the winter winds have driven down upon the advancing troops to the accompaniment of rain, sleet and snow. But down in the valleys there are other wet-weather difficulties; the rains draining off the hills have swollen every brook and river flowing eastwards into the Adriatic. The vagaries of the Sangro have been a source of heartache to transport officers, long after the actual tide of battle has moved up into the hills. For some time the bridges have remained under shell-fire, and the bombing from the air has increased Reinforcements of armour have had to follow up the fighting infantry, especially as the enemy has been using this arm more frequently whenever opportunity has offered. An observer watching the traffic on the bridges said that frequently the enemy's aim would be perturbingly accurate. A tank or armoured vehicle would be lost in spray; often it was thought that the vehicle had been lost, but then the spray would fall away, revealing the tank continuing on its way. Conditions on the river bridges have frequently necessitated the additional use of rafts and various craft for ferrying over special small bodies of troops or material required on the northern shore

The MULE TRAINS at WORK

A Feature of the Hill Fighting in the Apennine Mountains

THE CO-BELLIGERENTS GET TO WORK: Italian infantry advancing up the rocky slopes of Mount Lungo to attack the Germans in the Fifth Army area

The Italian Army is once again in the field, but now they are helping to free Italy from their former allies, the Germans. Both infantry and artillery units have been in action recently in the Mignano sector of the Fifth Army front. After one encounter with the enemy, the Italian Commander, General Capino, was visited at his H.Q. by General Mark Clark. The Italian infantry units are holding positions on the southern features of Mount Lungo. They had captured this feature once, but were driven back by a German counter-attack. Italian artillery is also adding its weight of shells to those of the British and American guns: Italian gunners of the motorised artillery are operating their own 105-mm. guns

Below—**AT A MULE COLUMN CONTROL DEPOT. The heavy going on Italian mountain roads has made these mule convoys more than ever necessary. On the roads, the convoys are under the management of Indian troops, with British Control Officers at certain points. This is the scene in an Italian farmhouse where the convoys up to the front are regulated**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The mule teams are assembled at farmhouses taken over specially for this purpose. Here Hindu drivers and British Tommies meet: the latter rope the cases together methodically and hoist them on to the waiting beasts in the murky blackness outside. Meanwhile, the adjutant within is telephoning up to the front line, telling the troops what is being despatched to them. Headed by a battle patrol, the column then moves off through the mud and slush, across ploughed land, culverts and gullies, and wading over swollen streams, up to the hills above. As soon as the destination is reached, the loads are hoisted off, and the mules tread sure-footedly down the hillside in preparation for another night's work

RINGING UP SUPPLIES TO THE MEN FIGHTING HIGH UP IN THE INACCESSIBLE CAMINO HILLS: A string of pack-mules being led by the men of a newly-formed Mule Company through the ruins of San Clemento, a small village at the base of the mountain

he mule convoy traffic on the Italian front has developed to an astonishing degree. most anywhere behind the lines on both Fifth and Eighth Army fronts one may see ese groups of long-eared, willing animals waiting to be saddled-up and other trains, ly loaded, threading their way through the crevices of the lower hills on the way to vanced positions. A blanket saddle-cloth is first placed on the mule's back; then the xible saddle, in one piece, is lifted and placed on the saddle-cloth. When the straps have been adjusted and tightened, the loading begins. This must be carefully adjusted, for the beasts have to cross streams and climb rocky paths mixed with sticky mud, and the loads must not slip out of position. All this can be seen on the lower levels in daylight: as the convoys get nearer the front the final stages of the journey must be carried out at night. Indian troops are engaged in this work, as well as British Mule Convoy companies

THE GUNNERS OF THE FIFTH ARMY DRY OUT AFTER A STORM UP IN THE HILLS: TWO EXPRESSIVE PICTURES FROM THE BATTLE AREA IN ITALY

the Fifth Army front the climax to three days of rain and fog came on the night December 4-5, when the rain was accompanied by thunder and lightning. Artillery- had to endure great discomforts during this period. Their bivouacs soon became erlogged, and by the morning of December 5, when the weather improved, none the gunners had a single dry article of clothing. The picture on the left was taken e the gunners were in the process of drying out and straightening up. After a night on duty one exhausted gunner is seen, snatching a few hours of sleep. He is Gunner P. Leishman, of Kirkintolloch, Glasgow, and his bed consists of 25-pounder ammunition cases, which at least raise him a few inches from the mud and water At the head of his bed, writing a letter, sits Fitter D. McGoogan, of Coatbridge, Scotland. The picture on the right shows the mud which remained after the storm: the men are bringing up ammunition for their 25-pounders

FIGHTING THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN MISTS, AS BRITISH INFANTRY OF THE FIFTH ARMY WORK THEIR WAY DOWN THE SLOPES OF BAREBACK RIDGE, on Monte Camino, to the River Garigliano after the Germans had been pushed off the mountain into the valley. The troops are descending through a thick mist and following a goat-trail down the mountain-side which an Italian peasant has indicated to the officer on the right—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The Campaign in Italy

THE DISASTROUS WEATHER CONDITIONS

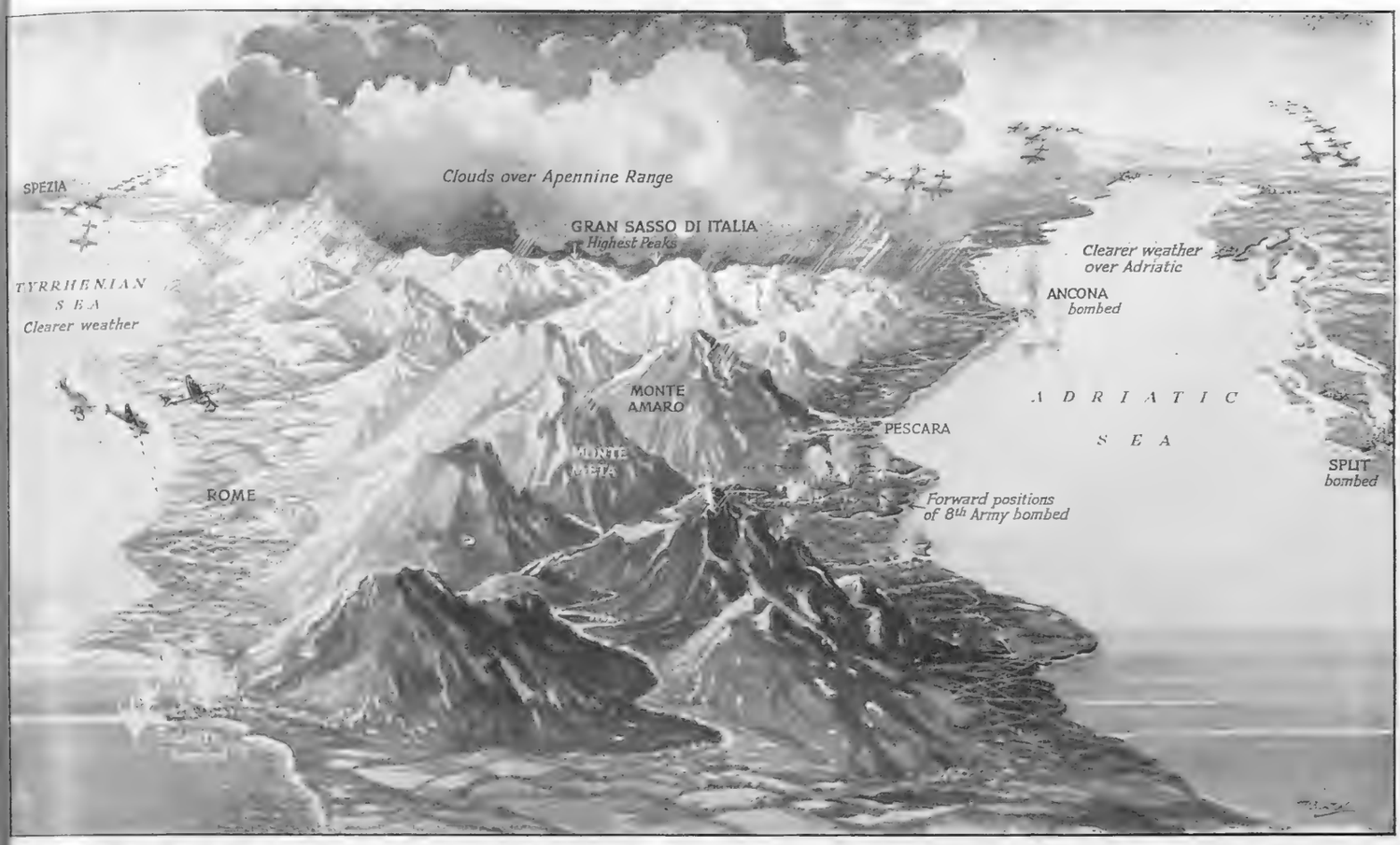
Under Which Our Land and Air Forces Have Been Operating In and Over the Apennine Mountains

—*Special* Sphere *Diagrams and Drawings*

When the enemy was finally driven from the heights of Mte. Camino, there came the task of following him up as he made his way down to the Garigliano River and across it to the opposite hill mass. This was no easy task, with the goat-paths obscured by wreaths of mist; but somehow or other it had to be done. In addition to the trouble of finding a foothold in the dark, the enemy at once began to throw over mortar-bombs across the Garigliano valley on to the slopes which our men were descending. The village of Rocca d'Evandro had to be cleared by the British infantry before the Germans were finally ejected from the jagged mountain mass which they had been defending so desperately. But when this had been done another barrier on the Road to Rome had been successfully removed. Finding and keeping a trail in the mist is an operation which only one accustomed to mountain-climbing can accomplish with any certainty of avoiding catastrophe. It is necessary to be able to sense instinctively the presence of a void ahead indicating an abrupt declivity. Another trick of mist is to distort the size of objects: a couple of rocks or bushes may look like a house with outbuildings!

AN AMERICAN PLANE DROPS FOOD AND MEDICAL SUPPLIES to the Allied troops who are cracking the German "winter line" in the Italian mountains

GROUND CREWS OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE LOADING AUXILIARY PETROL-TANKS WITH SUPPLIES. These were later dropped on the advanced and inaccessible positions occupied by Allied troops on the slopes of Mount Maggiore



THE WEATHER OVER THE ITALIAN MAINLAND AND ITS ADJACENT SEAS. The Apennine peaks act as cloud-catchers: but whilst rain is descending on the land, the seas to east and west may be clear enough for bombing operations—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

The operations of the Air Forces over Italy reveal the interesting weather conditions existing over sea and land in that theatre of war. Constant references tell of close co-operation *when the weather permits.* But, frequently, there has been a complete cessation of support on land, owing to adverse conditions. This has applied to enemy activity also—the Germans being great lovers of fair weather conditions, both for land and air operations. When the weather is bad over the land, it is often possible to operate over the sea—for the reason indicated in the drawing above. The Apennines cause severe local "weather," which may not be duplicated along the shores of the Adriatic or Tyrrhenian Seas, allowing bomber and fighter-bomber operations to be successfully carried out in good visibility conditions

FOOD "BOMBS" FOR THE ALLIED TROOPS IN THE MOUNTAINS: Auxiliary petrol-tanks (used for increasing the range of fighter aircraft) were loaded with rations and dropped to Fifth Army troops operating in the more inaccessible hill regions around Mignano. It was found impossible to reach the men by lorry, or even by mule trains, as they carried out "mopping-up" operations high up on the slopes: the bomb-racks of Martin Marauder aircraft were, consequently, loaded up with the light-weight tanks, filled with food and medical supplies, and these were dropped to the troops below. The aircraft swooped in low at favourable points and dropped their welcome cargoes through the bomb doors: little of the carefully-packed supplies were damaged in the operation—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The Campaign in Italy

THE ALLIED AIR FORCES AT WORK

How They Operated in Support of the Infantry of the Eighth Army During the Fiercely Contested Crossing of the Sangro River

FLAK-BURSTS IN THE SKY AS TWO BALTIMORES NEAR THEIR TARGET: A picture taken by a R.A.F. photographer who flew with the Baltimore squadron as they crossed the Sangro River to attack enemy gun positions near Lanciano

R.A.F. BALTIMORE BOMBERS FLYING ALONG THE ADRIATIC COAST on their way to attack a target in support of the Eighth Army land forces which were attempting to cross the swollen Sangro River

A CLOSE-UP OF A BOMBER AT WORK OVER ITALY. Other aircraft are maintaining their battle stations to the rear and are ready to close in for the attack

FOUR-CANNON SPITFIRE BOMBERS operated by the South African Air Force on their way to raid targets over the swollen Sangro River battlefront. They are here within a few miles of their target

During the victorious Eighth Army assault on the Sangro River barrier, Allied aircraft concentrated a full-scale effort against enemy defences along the ridge which faces the river. Baltimores of the R.A.F., Bostons of the U.S. Air Force, and Bostons, Baltimores and Spitfires of the S.A.A.F., took part in attacks on enemy gun positions, mortar positions and houses used as ammunition dumps. Roads and railways in the front line area were under constant bombardment from this great and effective concentration of bombers

NAVAL NEWS IN PICTURES

A SUNDERLAND CREW IS RESCUED BY A BRITISH WARSHIP : Recently, in the Bay of Biscay, a British flying-boat was shot down by a German Ju.88. For twenty-four hours the crew drifted in their dinghy whilst warships searched for them. Finally, they were located by H.M.S. *Starling* and taken on board : all the members of the flying-boat crew were rescued

AN UNSINKABLE LIFEBOAT IS LAUNCHED IN THE UNITED STATES : This vessel is the first of its kind to be built ; it was launched in November last at Delanco, New Jersey. The almost totally-enclosed vessel weighs 2½ tons and is 24 ft. in length : it can accommodate twenty-five persons, and can be driven by motor or by sail. It is still another invention by marine engineers to defeat the reckless campaign by ruthless enemy U-boats operating in the Atlantic, and other, oceans

A NEW BATTLE-CRUISER IS LAUNCHED IN NEW YORK : This is the 27,000-ton *Guam*, second of the Alaska class of six ships and the latest addition to the rapidly-growing United States Navy. All the vessels of the Alaska class, officially described as "large cruisers," were ordered in September 1940, and were the first battle-cruisers to be ordered by any Navy since the Washington Conference met in 1921. They are unofficially reported to be armed with six 14-in. guns in three turrets. Their speed is described as "very high"—possibly 35 knots. The inclusive cost of each of the vessels of this class is officially estimated at just over 74,000,000 dollars

A FURTHER STAGE IN THE SALVAGING OF THE "NORMANDIE" : After many months, the huge French liner (now the American steamship *Lafayette*) has been moved to a dry-dock for refitting. This picture shows the colossal bows of the vessel as she went down the Hudson River. The mud-line, caused by her immersion under water, is clearly visible in this view. The ship is to be used, after her refit, as a Navy transport

"THE SWEEPERS"—the ships which keep the seaways clear for the Royal Navy : These three vessels, belonging to the 1st and 6th Minesweeping Flotillas, are H.M.S. *Salamander* (inshore berth), *Halcyon* (in centre) and *Gleaner*, lying at their base at Londonderry. All three belong to the Halcyon class, of 815 tons, with a complement of eighty officers and men, and a speed of 17 knots. Each cost an average of £100,000 to build. These vessels perform the most dangerous of tasks, sweeping a passage for the fighting ships in naval operations all over the world. Their armament consists of two 4-in. anti-aircraft guns and five smaller weapons

THE CREW OF A LIBERATOR WHICH CARRIED OUT A RECORD FLIGHT : The aircraft seen in the background made the longest over-water operational flight of the war in the Burma-India area. With more than 1,000 miles of open water between the Liberator and safety, and with monsoon conditions prevailing, the crew made a safe landing after their record flight at their base at wave-top altitude. The actual landing had to be carried out after darkness had fallen. The whole effort was a fine performance by pilot, navigator and crew

WARFARE in the NORTH ATLANTIC

During the Concentrated Allied Attacks on the U-boat "Wolf Packs"

A PICTURE TAKEN FROM THE CORVETTE "PINK" just after the survivors of the Liberator had been picked up from the sea. They are being taken by boat to the corvette which, later, put them ashore

A strong concentration of U-boats, which had gathered in the North Atlantic in order to launch a major attack on Allied shipping, was recently decisively defeated by forces of H.M. ships and by aircraft of Coastal Command, working in close co-operation. During a series of engagements, which were fought over a wide area, and lasted intermittently for two days and two nights, a total of five U-boats were destroyed and three were damaged. This vigorous offensive action by H.M. ships and by aircraft of Coastal Command prevented the enemy from launching any concerted attack on two valuable convoys, and more than 99 per cent. of the total number of escorted ships reached harbour in safety.

A BRITISH CORVETTE OF THE FLOWER CLASS—H.M.S. "PINK"—RESCUING THE between U-boat and aircraft. The Liberator had been crippled by ra... German submarines were destroyed ...

Above—**THIS IS THE LIBERATOR, the long-range aircraft which is playing an important part in the Battle of the Atlantic.** Normally it carries a crew which varies from six to nine: although employed over the sea on anti-submarine patrols, it is a land plane and, as such, is equipped with landing wheels. It has four powerful engines, and can maintain patrols for very long periods on end

On right—**THIS IS A FLOWER CLASS CORVETTE, of the type to which H.M.S. "Pink" belongs.** There are scores upon scores of this class roaming the North Atlantic in search of U-boats and acting as escorts for the convoys. These vessels are of 925 tons displacement and carry a complement of fifty-eight officers and men. They are 193 ft. in length: their armament consists of one 4-in. anti-aircraft gun, one pom-pom, machine-guns and depth-charges

Contact was first made with the enemy towards evening. It was estimated that no fewer than twenty U-boats were then in the vicinity of the two convoys, which were separated by a distance of about sixty miles. Soon after dawn, a Liberator of Coastal Command sighted a U-boat on the surface about fifteen miles from one of the convoys and proceeded at full speed towards it. While running-in to attack, the aircraft was met by rapid fire from the U-boat, which so severely damaged the Liberator that it was unable to release its depth-charges. The crippled aircraft reported the enemy's position to H.M. ships, and, until forced to descend on the sea, it continued ... circle in the neighbourhood of the U-boat, thus guiding another Libera... to the scene of the action. The second aircraft was also damaged ... fire from the enemy's anti-aircraft guns, but it succeeded in making ... attacks with depth-charges and the U-boat was last seen submerging in ... damaged condition.

Meanwhile, several surface escorts had been detached from a conv... to the northward, and proceeded at full speed to the scene of the battle. T... corvette H.M.S. *Pink* (Lieut. R. Atkinson, D.S.C.) embarked survivo... from the aircraft which had been forced down, while H.M.S. *Duncan* ma... a series of attacks with depth-charges over the diving position of t... U-boat. This U-boat is considered to have been severely damaged.

Later that day, a Liberator sighted a U-boat on the surface astern ... a convoy. As the aircraft emerged from cloud-cover to attack, it was ... by intense fire from the enemy's cannon and multiple machine-guns, a... was forced to disengage. The Liberator remained in the vicinity, and ... hour-and-a-half later, when a favourable opportunity offered, it attack... with depth-charges, flying through renewed anti-aircraft fire from the U-bo... The enemy was mortally damaged and black smoke was seen issuing fr... either side of the after-deck. Within half-an-hour the U-boat sa... leaving survivors clinging to rubber floats. A number of these men w... later picked up by H.M.S. *Duncan* and made prisoner-of-war.

A

W OF A LIBERATOR OF COASTAL COMMAND which had been forced to descend on the sea after a battle from the U-boat, but its survivors were embarked by the "Pink." During the series of engagements, five ee were damaged (See accompanying notes)—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

GERMAN RADIO-WEATHER STATION IS CAPTURED on an island near Greenland by the U.S. Navy. The American Coast Guards, who were landed at this spot for the work of demolition, are here seen inspecting the captured material. The station was very soon dismantled, and will now no longer convey important forecasts to the enemy

CAPTURED WITH THE NAZI RADIO-WEATHER STATION: A German scientist, who described himself as "Dr. Sennse": Some little time ago Free Danish fishermen carried news to the U.S. Coast Guard of the existence of a Nazi radio-weather station installed on the shore of an island off the coast of Greenland. An expedition was sent off to capture it and to dismantle its equipment. When the Coast Guards landed they discovered that all but one of the Nazi staff had left the island: the remaining technician (seen above) described himself as Dr. Sennse; he was captured when he returned to his base after the American landing. For the Germans, the station was of great importance, as it gave them a foreknowledge of the weather to expect over a wide area of the North Atlantic. They can depend on no such weather forecasts in the future

The COAL-MINING INDUSTRY of BRITAIN

The First of Three Articles Dealing with Conditions Underground, After a Series of Personal Visits to the Mining Areas By CHARLES GRAVES

FEW people seem to realise the extreme gravity of the claims of the coal-miners, even though they have been "making the front page" for weeks past. Still fewer people realise the true position of the coal industry as a whole. Briefly, if the coal-miners secured their original demands—a minimum of £6 a week for all men employed below the ground and £5 10s. a week for all those employed above the ground—the price of coal would go up at least 10s. a ton. This increase would affect practically every industry in the country. All manufactured goods, in effect, would cost more—so much more that it is highly probable that our export trade after the war would virtually disappear.

As I pointed out in previous articles in THE SPHERE on the subject of the British Commonwealth of Nations, the Dominions and Colonies are all becoming highly mechanised. The war has compelled Australia, South Africa and Canada to become manufacturing countries. This, in turn, means that after the war our exports to the Dominions will have much greater local competition. So much so, that the goods will have to be of superlative quality at a very reasonable price. But the prices cannot be reasonable if the cost of coal goes up so much per ton.

During the last few weeks I have been touring coal-mines all over the country, covering hundreds of miles in my search for the real truth about the coal situation. It is now evident to me that it is seamed with statistics and faulty with propaganda. At the same time, one has every sympathy with the individual miners. They are loyal to a degree. Indeed, their loyalty is almost a vice. They will come out on strike in sympathy with other coal-miners on issues of which they have no knowledge and which do not affect themselves personally at all. That is one of the difficulties of the coal industry. There are really five coal industries in this country. These are the Scottish coal industry, the Northumberland and Durham ditto, the South Wales ditto, the mid-England ditto (including West Yorkshire, South Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire, Shropshire and Leicestershire), and finally the isolated districts of Cumberland, Somerset, Kent, Bristol, the Forest of Dean, and North Wales.

The people who spend their lives in these industries are almost of different nationalities, if not quite. Each industry supplies its home markets. The conditions under which the miners work vary enormously; the wages are different and even the language is different. Ask a Welsh collier what "cheeking" means, for example, and he would probably be unable to tell you, even though he does it himself.

What also varies from colliery to colliery, not merely from district to district, is the wage sheet. And the wage sheet is quite the most complicated form of payment ever invented. In front of me lies the wage sheet of four employees of the Powell Duffryn Associated Collieries Ltd., which the wages clerk has to tackle. It is literally 4 ft. wide and has eighty-eight different entry columns. Even the pay-note which the miner receives has forty. These begin with the name, occupation and age of each employee, and proceed by way of voluntary deductions for welfare and the Blind Institute, to payment for attendance bonuses, war advance shifts, large coal worked, rate per ton of square yard, charge men, stowing rubbish and prop-withdrawing, heading timber, stall timber, dead work, ripping top and bottom, allowances, guaranteed wage, Greene wage, and then to further deductions for Health Insurance, Unemployment Insurance, pit-head baths, income tax, all the way to the pay-box number. This complexity is the result of the continuous additions to the basic wage consequent on additional payments for specific jobs for which the miner expects extra money. But let no one think that he (the miner) does not understand his pay-note to the last halfpenny.

At present, the guaranteed minimum wage of any adult working below the surface is 83s. per week, compared with 78s. above ground. The jump demanded by the miners' leaders to £6 and £5 10s. respectively is very considerable on the face of it, and would cost the country at the present rate of production £100,000,000 a year. On the other hand, man after man whom I met at the coal-face in various parts of the country was earning over 30s. a shift, and at the rate of six shifts per week is earning £9 a week.

In that case, you may reply, what is all the fuss about? The answer is that these men earning this money gain it by output. In other words, the more work they do the more money they get. The colliery proprietors like their men to earn good money, providing that this bears some relation to the amount of coal extracted from the mines. But a set wage of £6 a week would in no way guarantee increased production of coal. And an increased production of coal is absolutely vital to the country. It is the shortage of coal as much as anything else which is causing railway trains to run late at the moment. The engine drivers simply cannot get a high enough head of steam to keep to their time-table. What is more, recent experience shows conclusively that output drops as wages increase. That is a terrible thing to have to say, and, as Mark Twain once said: "There are three kinds of lies: lies, damned lies, and statistics." But the fact remains.

Incidentally, how Will Lawther and the other miners' leaders can pretend that the extra pay to surface workers is going to increase production completely baffles me. Probably it baffles the colliery proprietors too. You will notice that I use the words "colliery proprietor" and not the words "coal-owner." It is surprising that the industrial correspondents of various national dailies use this anachronism. It was over eighteen months ago that the State bought out all the royalty owners, with the result that all the coal in this country now belongs to the Government, and consequently to you and me. There are, therefore, no coal-owners. There is only one—the public.

According to Mr. Lawther, the average earnings of a coal-miner are twenty-third in the list of the various industries. This fact has been accepted at its face value by Major Gwilym Lloyd George, the Minister of Fuel and Power. But this is one of those statistics which are completely misleading. The main reason for the coal-miner's earnings being so low down in the scale in spite of his hard life below ground is that overtime is not a regular feature of the coal-mining industry; while in the engineering, shipping and other industries, the employees of which are higher in the scale of wage-earners, overtime represents about 15 per cent. of total earnings. In the mines, on the contrary, there is a very great deal of absenteeism, particularly at the week-end, when it will rise to as high as 23 per cent. among the real coal-getters, compared with the general average of 5 per cent. among all types of employees throughout the week.

Will Lawther makes no suggestion whatever to curb absenteeism. He merely says that if the mines were nationalised and the men were paid higher wages, they would work harder. There is absolutely no proof of this whatever. In fact, all previous experience suggests that the reverse would be the case. It may be that mining villages are, on the whole, such dreary places, and rations, coupons and points so regulate the lives of everybody, that the men have little incentive to earn money, because there is no attractive way of spending it. Many of them, too, have worked so hard from the age of fourteen upwards that they have never learnt how to enjoy life as other more fortunate people have succeeded in doing. That is a grim fact for which previous generations of the public are responsible. But this cannot be undone immediately, and one is faced with the fact that increased production of coal is absolutely vital to the war effort and only a percentage of the men are working flat out.

Again, let us investigate some of Will Lawther's public remarks. He told the industrial correspondent of a national newspaper the other day that the miners were, of course, no more immune from 'flu than anyone else. This, of course, is true. But he went on to say that they get no extra rations, and in view of their hard work in the mines they were all the more susceptible to sickness. This is not so. Ninety-five per cent. of the coal-miners in this country can have extra meat at their pit-head canteen. I have eaten in these canteens from Northumberland to South Wales, and I can say faithfully that they were the only solid helpings of beef and mutton that I have had since I was last lucky enough to get a cut off the joint at Simpsons, eighteen months ago.

In a speech in South Wales two or three days after this last statement, Will Lawther said that the miners are the bravest and finest body of men in the world. I wonder what air gunners think of this? What about our parachute troops, and the officers and men in our submarines? What about the Eighth Army? Are they less brave and less fine a body of men than miners? Of course the miners are brave, and of course they are fine fellows. But they suffer from having their case overstated again and again. But look at all these unofficial strikes. They are all undermining the miners' own leaders, many of whom want collaboration. Look at this forthcoming Delegates' Conference, which is taking place in spite of Bevin's request to Trades Union officials to avoid such conferences because of the congested state of the railways, and in view of the fact that all the necessary conciliation machinery has been in existence for a long time. If they keep on being told that they are the most downtrodden section of the country's workers—and there are some forty-two-odd Members of Parliament representing the miners in the House of Commons, who are at least as vocal as the Conservatives—they naturally believe it. It would be illogical to expect them to pay any attention to the fact that there are at least twenty-three occupations with far higher mortality rates. And yet this is true of potters, iron foundry furnacemen, glazers and polishers, cotton textile strippers and grinders, horse drivers in road transport, inn and hotel keepers, barmen, waiters, general labourers, slate-miners, workers below ground in metalliferous mines, glass-blowers, file-cutters, cotton blow-room operatives, curriers and leather-dressers, and quite a few others. There is also the little matter of sailors, soldiers and airmen. And their wages are not exactly scaled up to that of the coal-miners, are they?

AMERICAN MEMBERS OF THE LONDON COAL COMMITTEE GO DOWN AN ENGLISH PIT. Mr. Wheeler, American Mining Engineer (on left); Colonel Gordon Chambers, of the U.S. Army; and Mr. C. C. Reid, Director of Production at the Ministry of Fuel and Power, at the pithead. A visit to a British coal-mine was recently arranged to give the American members of the London Coal Committee an insight into its working. This Committee, and a parallel body which meets in Washington, were both set up as soon as it became apparent that the vastly increased demand for coal for war production and operational requirements made this problem one for the United Nations as a whole. The London Committee reports to the Minister of Production and to the Minister of Fuel and Power on the requirements of coal for overseas operational purposes, and for conquered and liberated territories where the responsibility to ensure supply rests with the British Empire or the U.S.

The SIGNING of the CZECH TREATY

And Other Pictures (by Radio) of the Visit of Dr. Benes to the Russian Capital

ONE OF THE RUSSIAN MILITARY LEADERS. Marshal of the Soviet Union Semyon Budyenny, the noted Cavalry commander, with Lieut.-General Batov (on right) during the former's visit to the Dnieper front

THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY. The scene at the conclusion of the Pact of Friendship, Mutual Assistance and Post-War Co-operation between the Soviet Union and the Czechoslovak Republic. Dr. Benes, the Czech President, is shaking hands with Mikhail Kalinin, President of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. : on the left is Marshal K. Voroshilov and on the right is Marshal Stalin

DR. EDUARD BENES VISITS MOSCOW'S EXHIBITION OF BOOTY captured from the Germans. The Czech President is seen in front of an enemy tank : on his right is Assistant Commissar of Foreign Affairs Alexander Korneichuk ; on his left is Lieut.-General Kmelnitsky, director of the Exhibition

DR. BENES EXAMINING A GERMAN PORTABLE STEEL PILL-BOX, of a type used by the enemy in his Russian "winter line" and now captured by the Red Army during recent operations

A RED ARMY GENERAL VISITING THE FIFTH ARMY FRONT IN ITALY witnesses the battle for Monte Camino. Major-General Vasiliev passes a wounded man being brought down a mountain track. High-ranking Soviet officers headed by Major-General Vasiliev have just visited the Fifth Army sector during the battle for Monte Camino, which is now in Allied hands. The General climbed the Camino goat-track in heavy rain while the road was under German shellfire up to the top of Bareback Ridge. He appeared intensely interested in British battle methods and weapons. It was General Vasiliev who cut off the German retreat from the Crimea by the capture of Perekop, a feat for which he was awarded the honour of Hero of the Soviet Union.

AN IMPRESSION OF THE RED ARMY'S CAVALRY, which played a great part during the autumn offensive

WOUNDED GERMAN SOLDIERS are carried back from a forward area in carts which had previously been used for the transportation of ammunition

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

1944.—After writing the date for the first time, a simple calculation in arithmetic enabled me to realise that we may now boast of our own *Thirty Years War*. We have been at war (for practical purposes) for a whole generation.

Perhaps the only working philosophy of life is comprised in the saying: "All things pass." That slogan helps a man to endure trials and also to set a reasonably modest value on his successes and achievements, and on his good fortune and possessions. He can't take them with him when (inevitably) he goes—and he will rest from his labours and trials. Your less stoical philosopher (or perhaps your more generous and more spiritual) will add a comforting rider to this short, grim verdict. He will assure us that in human life there are things that do not pass; that for us mortals there may be immortal hours, and that no honest thought, no honest action, brought to completion by man, and to such perfection as he can achieve, is suffered to perish, but becomes a part of the treasure and heritage of humanity for all time.

Be that as it may, no thinking man who has lived through the past thirty years can fail to realise that it is very seldom in human life that a man's thought has any power of apprehending reality. The verities (whatever they may be) are for the most part beyond his ken and compass, and only very occasionally is he afforded an immortal hour during which he escapes from the muddy vesture of decay which grossly closes him in, and sees with clear vision the distant spires of an immortality which is no longer disappointing in being purely impersonal. The vision passes. It is *breve gaudium*. He resumes his prison dress and is chained again to the fetters of personality.

These immortal hours (or moments) come rarely even to the purest spirits, and come through very different, and essentially individual, media. To some, they are granted during a hearing of grand music, or the sight of noble paintings. To some, they are given during a spiritual transformation on a quiet summer evening, to some on the high mountains and in the lonely places. If they come, they come and pass; and the vision vouchsafed may fade as a dream.

So much (and perhaps too much) for preface. The realms of philosophy are not my line of country and I make haste to descend into the plain, and pass from the Eternal Verities to the simpler realities of political life and thought.

"The Coming Conflict."—This year, next year, some time, this war, and all its agony and imbecility, will pass as other trials have passed, and then—be very sure of this—almost immediately we shall be launched in another stormy sea, to face another form of conflict, intense, bitter, testing and contentious.

Our civilisation is in the melting-pot, the structure of social and political life is in ruins and must be rebuilt, and we shall be divided sharply into rival camps. We shall wave flags, echo slogans and cry out against the blindness, treachery and ignorance of all those whose opinions differ from our own. Every war of our time has shown up *the lies of war*, and as propaganda has gained in importance among the prime weapons of war, so have the lies of war, multiplied as a means of inspiring hatred and resolution to conquer and resist, increased in depravity and scope.

And since at no time (as we have said) is the human mind very capable of apprehending reality, the *lies of peace* are not to be lightly disregarded. If after this war one could by prayer and fasting secure to our race *one* virtue in perfection, I think my prayers would go to "a right judgment in all things." [To expect a return to the ethics of Christianity (which would do the trick better) is still too high a test of faith for me.]

It is true that the British race has shown in its history a remarkable degree of level-headedness. In our social and political upheavals, we have usually preferred to secure our reforms by constitutional means rather than by force, and we have seldom, in the bitterest political phases, totally abandoned tradition nor sought to sweep the past away without sifting the ore from the dross.

The prime causes of the occasional failures of our political and social revolutions have undoubtedly been a lack of proportion and the temporary inability of the average Briton in time of controversy to fasten on what is essential, and to reject what is trivial and irrelevant. In choosing his political camp for the conflicts of his time, the average campaigner is handicapped by trivial prejudices and his judgment is distracted by irrelevant sidelights. In marshalling his arguments or shaping his opinions, he will condemn a particular age in our history as wholly bad, or a particular policy or statesman as *wholly* misguided. He will give to the ephemeral social fashions of an age the same degree of importance in condemnation as the political apathy or myopia of that age, and he will feed his political prejudice against that age or that statesman's policy with the trivial bons-bons of transient social fashion. As logically might he condemn Bacon as a fool for wearing "absurd trunk hose," and deny to Gladstone any wisdom of any sort because he followed without protest the extravagance and waste of seven-course dinners. When the last war ended, Britain was caught in one of its periodic fits of blind prejudice and besotted ignorance. It had for four years been fed and led on slogans—those deplorable half-truths—and was easily persuaded by the worst specimens of sloganism (Hang the Kaiser! Make Germany Pay!) to indulge in the coupon election, and all that it led to.

THE R.A.F. CONVERT A STABLE INTO A CHURCH IN NORTH AFRICA: With the aid of old packing-cases, iron sheeting, aircraft perspex—and the work of many willing hands—a thatched stable has been converted into an attractive church at an R.A.F. Base Personnel Depot in North Africa. Many of the hundreds of airmen who have passed through the camp volunteered to help the permanent staff with the building and furnishing, and the church is now complete, except for some additional interior decorations and improvements to the thatched roof. The cost of the building was negligible, and the only major expenditure was for a small French organ, which an R.A.F. lorry driver transported several hundred miles through the mountains

Compromise.—Once more we have been fed and led on slogans, and many of them egregious half-truths. Once more we shall be prone to swallow post-war slogans. If we succumb, we shall lose the peace again and part with what remains of good in our national heritage, in an orgy of iconoclasm.

You may argue that no man ever got what he wanted by preserving an "open mind"; that only blind partiality, only ruthless and utter certainty, to the exclusion of all sense of proportion and even of humour, ever gets a man what he wants. That depends on the nature of the things he wants. It may be true of Hitler and what Hitler wanted. It may be true of winning wars. But Hitlerism is ephemeral and wars end at last. In the political evolution of democratic countries, the only way to achieve lasting reform is by compromise, and no compromise can be reached by opposing forces violently prejudiced by their divergent opinions. In democratic politics, an open mind is therefore an essential for all parties which truly desire permanent reforms. And what is true of eras or individual statesmen is just as true of political "isms." It is as childish and primitive to condemn a political "ism" (Communism, Capitalism, Conservatism, Socialism) by lumping into the charge-sheet a score of irrelevant or trivial counts, as it is to condemn the Edwardian era as wholly bad because of the extravagance and luxury of its ephemeral Society fashions, or to despise Cæsar or Burleigh or Gladstone because they wore clothes which seem ridiculous to-day.

What is Truth?—Not long ago (a matter of months still!) Communism to most Englishmen was wholly bad and black. To-day (or to-morrow) there may be a tendency among a majority of Englishmen to regard Conservatism (whatever it may signify) as wholly bad and selfish, and to regard "Beveridgism" as wholly just, wise and right, and utterly appropriate. If such a time come, and with it come a new spate of slogans, I hope my prayer for a "right judgment in all things" may in part be answered. Otherwise we shall lose the peace once more. For "Capitalism" is not all flint-hearted bosses and grey-beards in Threadneedle Street, any more than Russian Communism proved to be all paganism and bleak enslavement of the human soul.

There is only one attitude of mind in the public which can hope to achieve a sound rebuilding and to win the peace, and that is an open and a generous mind. And only one method of securing permanent reform, and that is by compromise. There is still to-day as much that is sound and sane in our past as there is of the shabby and of the outworn. We have not yet won the right to claim that we are in all ways wiser than our fathers were (though we are inclined to argue that *it must be so*, because they did not enjoy the blessings of wireless, and travelled no quicker than fourteen (or sixty) miles an hour.

By and large, the loudest laugh raised to-day on Olympus by the antics of homunculi, is raised by the political antics of so-called democratic peoples who fight and die for, and give lip-service to, freedom of thought and action, and then proceed to bludgeon every neighbour who may hold political opinions contrary to their own, and try to ensure that only one way of thinking shall survive. That, I fancy, was Hitler's way, which (at some cost to ourselves) we have been trying to block. If democracy sincerely desires to survive as a rational and effective political system, it must first of all appreciate the truth that it can only advance by compromise, and must approach its current problems in a spirit of generous respect for all shades of opinion. If one thing is certain in the fog of our own day, it is that there is no solution yet of Pilate's famous rhetorical question. We are not yet approaching even a commonly accepted definition of "democracy." We are still guessing, and every honest effort at a solution deserves our respect and careful consideration.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

"*THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT*" (Aldwych).—This powerful piece of work by Robert Sherwood, in which the Lunts have made a welcome return to London, is, I think, the most important theatrical event of the war so far. That is not to say that it is the war's best play, good though it is. But in the perfection of its acting and direction, in its sense and sensibility, and in the appeal it must make to adult minds without being pompous or aggressively "high-brow," it is unquestionably—well, an "event." As a tribute to "gallant little Greece" it is superb (it was not originally written about the Greeks, but it is diplomatic to let that pass; the switch-over has been cleverly and tactfully done). Mr. Alfred Lunt plays a Greek doctor of international fame awaiting, in his luxurious house in Athens—he has a rich American wife—the coming of the Nazis. While he is waiting he talks brilliantly, though perhaps a little too much, about the international situation, patriotism, pacifism, the ethics, or non-ethics, of war. His young son gives his life in resisting the invaders, and eventually he himself is killed. I have rarely seen anything more dramatic than Mr. Lunt's outburst of tears when he learns of his son's death—a masterpiece of touching restraint. Miss Lynn Fontanne, as the wife, floated about with exquisite grace and poise and sympathy. Her performance seemed all on one note, even vocally, but it was a mighty pleasant note. Excellent support from Mr. Frederick Lloyd and Mr. Gerard Kempinski (as a Nazi). Miss Muriel Pavlow, a clever young actress, looked thoroughly bad-tempered most of the time.

"*On Life's Sunny Side*" (Arts).—Helbe Krob is, I gather, a modern Norwegian dramatist of considerable eminence. I should have heard of him, but must confess I had not visited the production at the Arts Theatre of the above play, which makes his eminence a bit of a mystery. The scene is a farm in Norway, where the farmer, his wife, his sister, his mother, his uncle and two friends talk and talk and talk, mostly about love. Very little happens otherwise, and in Act I. nothing at all. It is easy, sophisticated talk, with Mr. Trevor Howard, Miss Mary Morris (very good, indeed), and Miss Helen Cherry as the best of the talkers.

NEWS PICTURES FROM THE HOME FRONT

SLAVS IN LONDON SET UP THEIR OWN COMMITTEE: Russians, Serbs, Ukrainians, Croats, Rumanians, Slovenes, Bulgarians and Macedonians met together in London for the first time a few days ago. It was then decided to set up an All-Slav Committee to strengthen the struggle of the Slav nations against Nazi Fascism. This picture, taken at the first meeting, shows Mr. P. Maxa, Chairman of the Czechoslovak State Council, addressing the gathering. Seated at the left are Colonel Chodsky, Czechoslovak Ministry of National Defence; Mr. J. David (Czech); Mr. Jaroschko (Ukrainian); Mr. Petrovic (Serb); Dr. Bicanic (Croat); Dr. Furlan (Slovene); Lieut. Pleva (Czech) and Mr. Padev (Bulgarian). From left to right on the opposite side of the table are: Mr. V. Novy, Secretary of All-Slav Committee; Mr. Roth (Tass Agency); Mr. Lisin (Russian); Mr. Valo, M.P. (Slovak), and Mr. Ornest, Vice-Chairman of the Czech State Council

FIRST AID FOR THE BOMBERS OF BERLIN: Lancasters which have been hammering Berlin and other German cities and which have suffered damage from anti-aircraft and cannon shells are soon reconditioned, and within a very few hours are again airworthy. The Lancaster is unique, inasmuch as it is built in sections which can be removed and replaced by a new or reconditioned unit at very short notice. In this picture a Lancaster has received damage to its nose: this will be replaced by a new one, and the aircraft will again be flying within a matter of hours

A NEW U.S. OFFICERS' MESS, TO SEAT 1,170, OPENED IN A LONDON HOTEL: This scene shows the first breakfast of the Mess at Grosvenor House, in Park Lane, where the service has been organised on a help-yourself basis. It has been designed to relieve the congestion in the messing facilities for U.S. officers in London. Rationing and staff arrangements have been made by U.S. Army authorities, and W.A.C. officers are permitted to use the new mess, with the right to entertain one guest—of their own sex. Lunch is provided at about two shillings, but officers will lose 1.25 dollars previously paid to them in lieu of rations

STARS IN BATTLEDRESS: From left to right here are Corporal Elizabeth Kirkby, Driver Joan Evison, June Willock, the Officer Commanding and his wife, and Faith Brook (daughter of Clive Brook): Two hundred fully-trained fighting men who before the war were top-line names in London's theatreland and on the radio are entertaining troops at home and abroad from a central pool formed in 1941 by Major Basil Brown and under the direction of the Director of Army Welfare. The players return to a depot at the end of each three months for futher intensive training. Some have performed with a concert party one night and been in action the next day. They handle their own scenery, arrange their own lighting and to save paper one of the cast announces details of the show. Plays staged include *Flare Path* and *Men in Shadow*. Faith Brook, daughter of Clive Brook, now in the A.T.S., is in the cast

HIGH AND DRY—or, where there's a will, there's a way: These boats are being painted after construction, in a street in the centre of London. This is because space in the factory where they are built is so limited. It is another instance of the way in which industry has adapted itself to wartime conditions, and demonstrated its ability to carry on with important work in the most surprising surroundings. These small craft are assault boats intended for use by the Army in coming operations

THE NEW STYLES FOR NURSES' UNIFORMS, designed to overcome present-day laundry difficulties and scarcity of materials. The new uniforms, of which there will be seven varieties (which will differ only slightly), will not have the present pleats, tucks and other trimmings; and the familiar white-flowing caps with intricate pleatings will also disappear. On both aprons and dresses there will be detachable plastic buttons. The dresses will be price-controlled and there will be purchase-tax concessions. They will replace the present styles as the latter become worn out

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A MISCELLANY OF NEW BOOKS

A New Novel by James M. Cain ; A Panorama of Personalities ; Life on an Armed Merchant Cruiser ; Photographic Commentaries ; A Collection of Short Stories, Pigs, and Others

CALIFORNIA, which is to most of us a land of sunshine, deserts, grapefruit and film stars, is to Mr. James M. Cain, according to his new novel, a territory where peoples' fortunes stand or fall on the value of their mortgages and the excellence—or otherwise—of the pies they make for the wholesale and retail trade. MILDRED PIERCE (Hale. 8s. 6d.) is the story of a very ordinary little woman with a shiftless husband. When she turned him out and announced that she was going to be financially responsible from that moment for her two little daughters, she took stock of her assets and discovered that they amounted to a knack for pastry-cooking and a remarkably beautiful pair of legs.

AMERICA'S LATEST CHILD BRIDE. Joyce Ferguson Roberts, barely thirteen years of age, with her seventeen-year-old husband, Fred Roberts, Jun. She was married to the young textile worker in Rossville, Georgia, five days before her thirteenth birthday, and this picture was taken just after the ceremony. Mrs. Roberts went straight from school to take up a new career as housekeeper !

With a certain amount of exploitation of these advantages, Mildred succeeded in amassing a modest fortune. She opened two or three little restaurants of the chicken-waffle coffee type, and prospered. She acquired one or two lovers, who proved expensive but flattering, and she concentrated all her ambition, which was considerable, and all her money-making abilities on her older daughter, Veda. Veda was what is known in that excellent American slang as a heel, and she repaid her mother with tantrums, cynicism and fantastic egotism till at last Mildred, re-married to Veda's father, finally renounced all claim on her future or on her affection.

Mr. Cain belongs to the "tough" school of American novelists, and apparently never allows himself to forget this. In the mood he has chosen, it is easy enough to emphasise the crudity of purpose, the lack of sentiment, and the general brutality of natures stripped of all but self-interest. Nevertheless, he retains a mastery of that brusque style which is peculiarly fitted to these subjects, and the ability to tell a story.

ALL CHANGE HERE (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) is primarily a book about people. It is not a war book, although it has a background of war and is essentially topical. Chiefly it is a panorama of people ; politicians, writers, actors, poets, soldiers and airmen, public speakers, women editors, dress designers, French patriots and sailors.

Mr. J. W. Drawbell, who is himself a well-known editor, has made up his book on the principle of an inspired scrapbook. He reports conversations with the great and meetings with those whose only claim to fame must be that they are quoted here. His curiosity, his vitality, and his impulsive friendliness towards his fellow-creatures make this book a delightful experience. To Mr. Drawbell a good story is as the breath of life, and, consequently, it seems that he has collected a vast number of them. Many of them have come to him through his journalistic associations and many through the even rarer channel of being a first-class listener.

Some time ago there was a short newspaper controversy on dramatic criticism. Inevitably Mr. Drawbell had a friend, whose views on the subject were as final as they were original. This friend swore by a certain dramatic critic : "He is absolutely infallible," he said. "I have learned from long experience to base my theatre-going solely on his notices. When he damns a play, I know it will be just the piece for me to see and enjoy. When he praises, I wisely stay away. Stung too often by him in the beginning, I use him now for *my* amusement."

His chapter on that famous American correspondent Dorothy Thompson is entertaining, from the days when she recorded MacSwiney's last interview in Cork and was so new to the reporting job that she didn't know what a good story she had, to the days, so very recent, when she formulated her peace aims. "What concerns me is people. . . . I know that these people are the same all over the world, and that they want the same things. They want to live in their own countries in their own way and have something to say about the way they are governed. . . . They want to stop having to go to war every twenty years ; and if in the world we live in, with its immense possibilities of production and the exchange of goods, tremendously augmented by science—if in this world we cannot achieve this, why, let 's give it back to the ants."

And, finally, a particularly nice schoolgirl howler, via Dean Inge : "A penny has the King's head on one side, on the other side is a lady riding a bicycle. Her name is Ruby Tanyer."

I'M A STRANGER HERE MYSELF (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is a semi-factual novel in which the fact outweighs the fiction by at least 90 per cent. It is certainly safe to assume that the author, Mr. Anthony Thorne, like the book's central character, joined the Navy as an A.B. and got his principal training in an Armed Merchant Cruiser. He found the ten other men in his mess mainly helpful and friendly ; sentimental, but not squeamish.

The writer describes incidents in their lives together in the ship, with a wealth of lower-deck detail ; how they spend shore leave in a foreign harbour, where he is offered thirty pounds to marry an unknown girl, who is probably a spy wanting a British passport ; how they join a native devil-dance ; and how the ship is escort for a convoy of forty-seven slow vessels. The sailor characters are Elizabethan in their tradition of bawdiness and humour, and it is the pattern of their seamen's lives that makes the pattern of the book.

Perhaps the thing that Mr. Thorne does best in all this is his recording of dialogue, which seems as authentic as the smell of a tarred rope or a tot of rum, but then the book altogether is a very lively affair, and well worth remembering for your list.

There is an old-fashioned quality about the production of THIS OTHER EDEN (John Lane. 21s.). The book is composed of eighty photographs, linked together by commentary and quotation, and all are of phases of English life in wartime, paradoxically enough. It is not, therefore, the subject-matter that prompts the criticism, but the physical format and the page make-up of the book itself.

"Val Doone," apparently a partnership, is or are responsible for both the photographs and the text, and have made an excellent, though not a sensational job of both. Altogether, this book would be an excellent choice either for a New Year or a birthday present, and is a record of our times and our country that would be well worth having.

Anyone who has been persuaded to advance blindfold on a blank sheet of paper and try not only to draw a pig, but to affix its tail in the correct position, will sympathise with the efforts of the twenty-two famous people, which have been published in a little booklet, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the Famine Relief Committee. FAMOUS PEOPLE'S PIGS (Forum Press. 1s. 6d.) includes the work of Professor Joad and Jack Hobbs, of Sir Henry Irving and Lord Roberts, and of Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Mr. Augustus John's pig—and I summon up all my courage to say it—is by no means the best drawn. It has, in fact, a strange and shaggy look far inferior to the appearance of Mr. Bernard Shaw's beast, of whom the editor, Mr. Philip Skilton, writes that this "gay animal is obviously eager and aching to engage the opponent in the famous Shavian style. The magnificent nasal organ and clearly-defined ears more than make up for the creature's blindness," whereas Jack Hobbs's animal "is well on the *qui vive :* eye, ears, tail and legs all betray the cricketing pig !"

ENGLISH STORY (Collins. 7s. 6d.) is a new and on the whole disappointing collection of twenty short stories, edited by Mr. Woodrow Wyatt, who states in a foreword that the object of this publication, of which this is the fourth in the series, is to publish short stories which are unfettered by standardised requirements of length, theme or treatment ; to find and encourage new writers ; and to bring to the general reading public a yearly collection in book form of the best new work of contemporary short-story writers. Among these appear Mr. James Hanley, Miss Naomi Mitchison, Mr. H. E. Bates, and a gentleman referred to, possibly in error, as Mr. Arthur Caldwell-Marshall.

Most of the stories are little more than sketches, and none has a strong basic theme. I would pick out as most rewarding to the reader the description of a wreck by Eric Joysmith, the tale of a sailor on leave by Mr. Hanley, and the maternity home story by Elisabeth Berridge, all of which are good in their several ways. Mr. Maclaren-Ross, among all these writers, seems the only one who approaches the short-story form with a real story to tell.

Mr. C. Henry Warren states the case for the English country writer clearly when he says that the present onus upon him is "the necessity to depict, with all the accuracy and sensibility at his command, the whole gamut of the life and labour of the fields."

THE LAND IS YOURS (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.) is a closely detailed description of life in a parish in the cornland belt of East Anglia. The picture unfolds from seed-time to harvest-time, and against this background move labourers, craftsmen and farmers whose worth is vital to that setting. The line drawings are by Mr. Thomas Hennell.

THE DEATH OF A PIONEER OF PRESS PHOTOGRAPHY. The death was recently announced of Mr. James Barrow Helsby, managing director of the Topical Press Agency, Ltd., and an important figure in Fleet Street for many years past. Just over forty years ago, Mr. Helsby (together with the late W. J. Edwards), foreseeing the important part that photography would play in modern journalism, started the firm under its present name ; in addition to appointing photographers in all the principal towns of Great Britain, he extended the agency's representatives throughout the world, thus assuring a regular and reliable world service of news photographs to the British, Colonial and foreign Press. Mr. Helsby, although always of a retiring disposition, guided and inspired this work up to a few days before his death. He was eighty-one years of age

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

A Happy New Year to all readers who have so generously supported this 100-year-old work during the past year. May we all, long before its close, know and experience the meaning of the word "peace" in the world. 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

SAVE ALL YOUR WASTE PAPER FOR SALVAGE

HUMBER

In war as in peace

the choice of experience . . .

(Official Photograph)

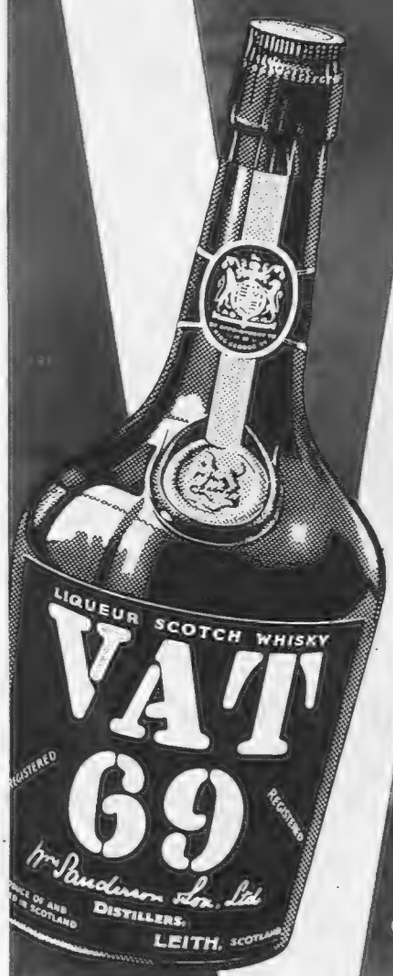
Humber Armoured Car, with its Super Snipe engine, in a battle zone

ROOTES GROUP

ROOTES SECURITIES LTD

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

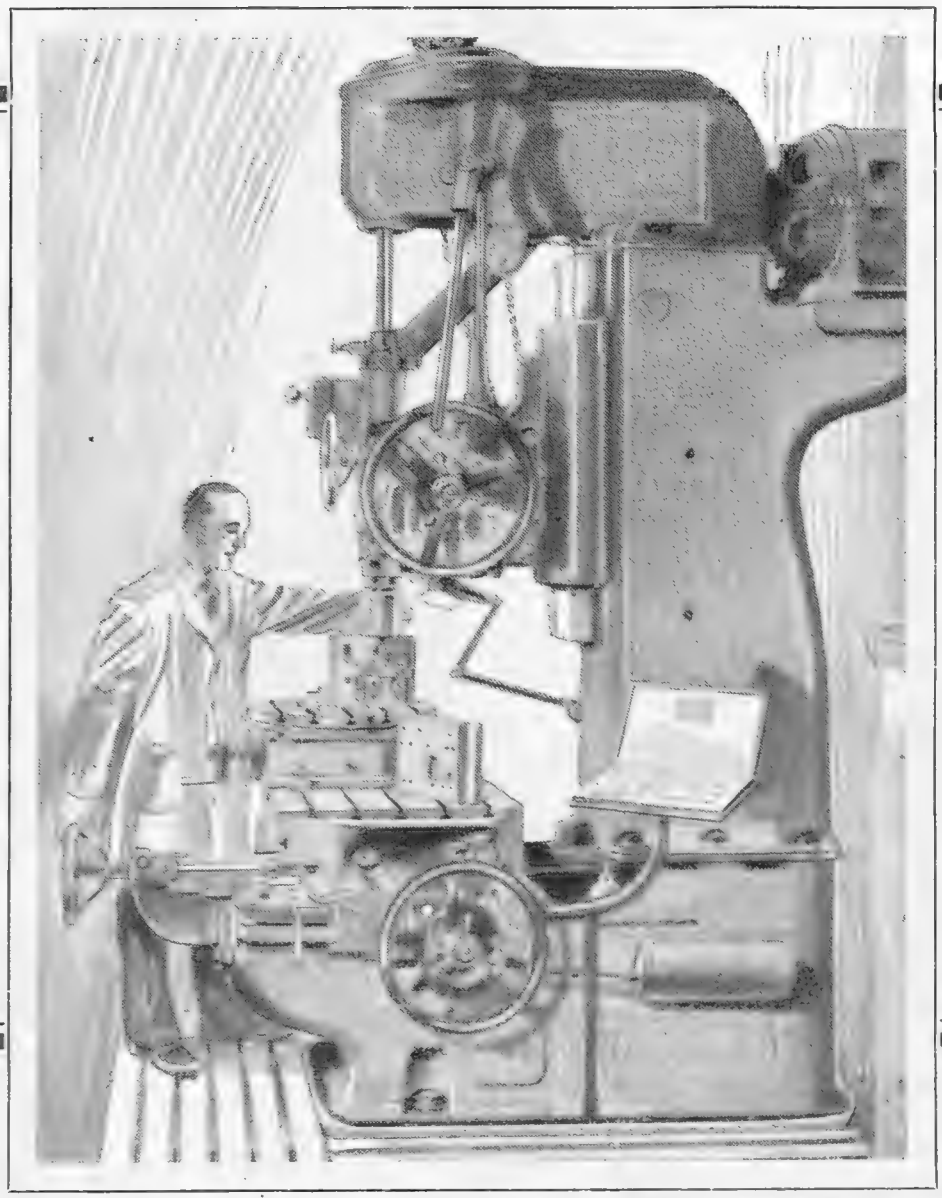
VAT 69



'Quality Tells'

Sanderson's
LUXURY BLEND SCOTCH WHISKY

WM. SANDERSON & SON, LTD., LEITH



A precision jig borer in the tool room

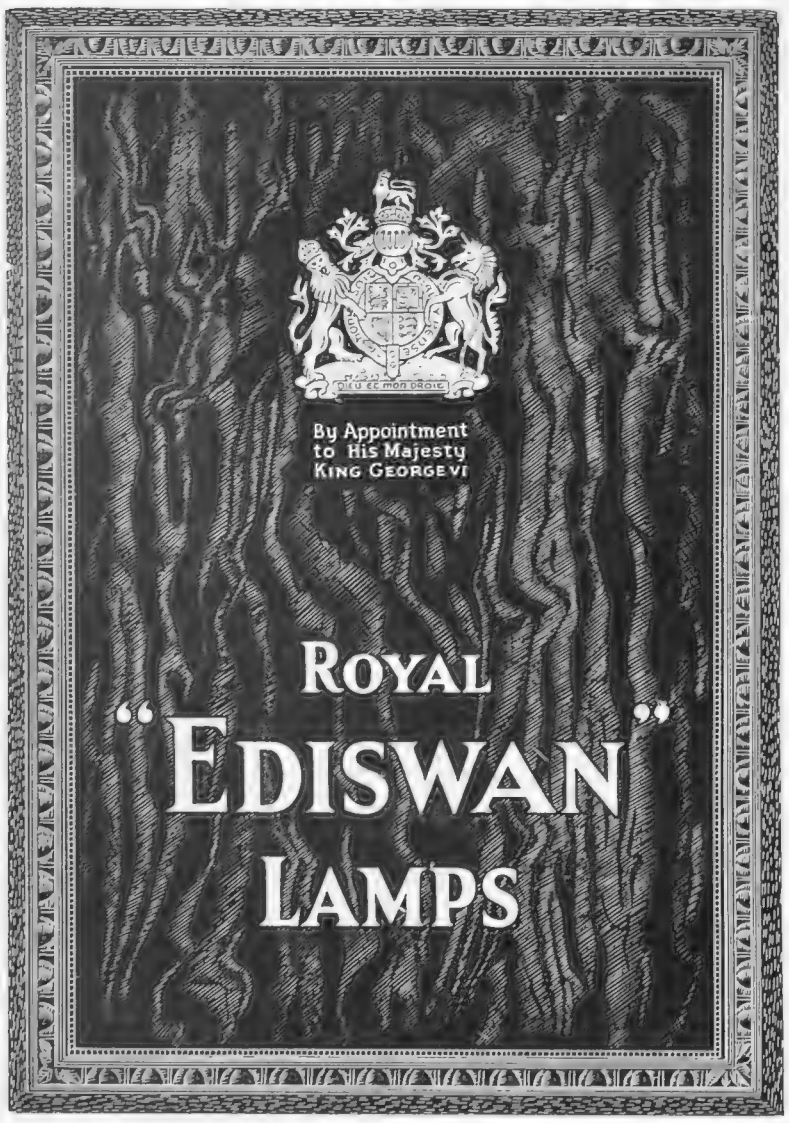
J. BROCKHOUSE & CO. LTD.
VICTORIA WORKS
WEST BROMWICH · STAFFS

★

BROCKHOUSE
THE NAME THAT CARRIES WEIGHT

TRADE MARK

HOLLENS



Advertisement of THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO., LTD.,
155 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2. J.41

MOSS BROS MACKINTOSHES for all purposes

Now that you cut your cloth according to your coupons, buying a Moss Bros. Mackintosh is much more than putting coupons away for a rainy day. The 'riding' cut and substantial finish make it an all-purpose garment for walking, riding, cycling and complete weather protection all round the calendar.

Moss Bros. Mackintoshes are also cut to the accepted pattern for Navy, Army and R.A.F. (and for Women's Services too) and are supplied in all sizes.

MOSS BROS & CO LTD.
Naval, Military, R.A.F. and General Outfitters
COVENT GARDEN
Corner of King St. and Bedford St., W.C.2.
TEMple Bar 4477 (12 lines)

Also at Manchester, Bristol, Aldershot, Portsmouth, Camberley, York, Hove, Shoreham, Bournemouth, Heysham, Salisbury, Shrivenham, Droitwich, Ilkley, Grantham, etc.

come wind, come weather

For our greatcoats we use the finest Pilot Cloth from the West of England, where for centuries craftsmen have specialised in defeating hard weather and providing hard wear.
Price £13. 0s. 0d.

Austin Reed

OF REGENT STREET AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

Telephone: Regent 6789

PHILLIPS & POWIS AIRCRAFT LTD

Miles AIRCRAFT LIMITED

READING ENGLAND

By Appointment

A glorious sight

To those who appreciate the merits of matured Scotch whisky there is no more glorious sight than a glass of "Black & White". This fine old blend always gives complete satisfaction.

"BLACK & WHITE"

It's the Scotch!

'Oh! East is East and West is West,' sighs the poet, but all the same, civilizations old and new meet in according Minton China a gratifying welcome . . . The fact is, of course, that charm and beauty and perfection have laughed at all frontiers since man in his queer wisdom made them.

MINTON

The World's Most Beautiful China

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.*

THE NORFOLK HOTEL

BOURNEMOUTH

Traditional superiority. Combines all the factors that one expects to find in a first-class hotel, restaurant, grill room, men's bar. Richmonde Lounge—the social rendezvous of Bournemouth—with The Norfolk Hotel Broadcasting Orchestra. Apartments each with P.O. telephone and most with private bathroom. Tel. 7272 every room. *Resident Directors:* Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McInnes.

CASTLE HOTEL, DEGANWY, North Wales

An excellent hotel for a wartime break. With its fifty comfortable bedrooms, this pleasantly situated hotel on the Conway Estuary offers peacefulness and plenty in the shape of golf, fishing, boating, with bowls and riding near by. Tel.: Deganwy 83358.

If QUANTITY is less, QUALITY remains in the Dining Room of

The ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, Exeter

The social hub of Devon

WEST LODGE PARK HOTEL HADLEY WOOD, Near Barnet, Herts.

In the heart of the country, yet but half an hour from Piccadilly Circus to Cockfosters. A country house of character and charm. Sixty acres of ground and not a roof in sight. Golf course at the drive gates. *Proprietor:* B. Victor.

THE HAND HOTEL, LLANGOLLEN

One of the best known and best equipped hotels in North Wales, at entrance to the Welsh Tyrol. Quiet, restful, amidst beautiful scenery. H. and C. running water all bedrooms. Good train service. Close station. Terms from 20s. per day incl. Own salmon fishing. Tel.: Llangollen 3207.

COMPLEAT ANGLER HOTEL, MARLOW

This well-known riverside hotel particularly lends itself to those discriminating people who are appreciative of warmth, comfort, interesting food and a good cellar. Service people can usually be accommodated at short notice. Tel. Marlow 15.

MOOR HALL HOTEL & COUNTRY CLUB

NINFIELD, Sussex Here, 250 ft. up, facing due south, you can get a break from war routine. Fresh produce from our own farm and gardens. Fishing and rough shooting. Trains met Crowhurst, Battle, or Bexhill. From 5 gns. Tel.: Ninfield 330.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, PENZANCE

We face the South, the sun and the sea. We offer modern amenities in our 60 bedrooms. We have a lift and are fully licensed. Boating, tennis and golf can still be enjoyed. A pleasurable spot for your break from war work. Tel.: Penzance 471. For terms apply Manageress

TORQUAY

THE IMPERIAL HOTEL

In beautiful grounds bordering lovely Torbay, with southern aspect. Equable climate. Golf. Tennis, Billiards, Bridge, Dancing. For LEAVE or Vacation. Advance reservations for early 1944 are advisable. Reduced terms to H.M. Forces 'Phone 4301.

Gin makes the cocktail, Seagers make the Gin!

SEAGERS GIN

SINCE 1805—

Quality Unrivalled!

Twenty-five shillings and threepence per bottle

SEAGER EVANS & CO. LTD., LONDON, S.E.8

Burlingtons are the perfect alternative to imported Havanas.
Guaranteed made and rolled from the finest imported Havana and other world famous cigar leaf.

BURLINGTON Cigars

Half Coronas 1/2 Petit Coronas 1/7

Coronas 2/-

Obtainable from all High Class Dealers and Stores

BURLINGTON CIGARS, 173, NEW BOND STREET, W.1

Andy ADAGES No 13

Look before you leap . . . into action to Dig for Victory and see that your hands are protected against cuts, scratches and dirt, by wearing ANDY Garden Gloves. Durable and washable they don't harden after wetting.

"These are the gloves you have heard about."

2/6 per pair from all Ironmongers and Stores, or direct **2/9** post free. (State size and send 1 coupon per pair)

Tedson Thornley & Co., Rochdale

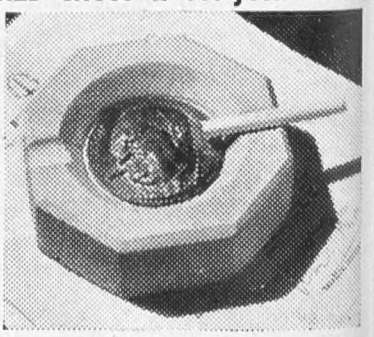
Andy Rego GARDEN GLOVES

Articles of enduring charm and of priceless value processed from relics of the

HOUSES of PARLIAMENT

and sold to the benefit of the

RED CROSS & ST. JOHN FUND



Certificate of Authenticity signed by Sir Vincent Baddeley, K.C.B., on behalf of Red Cross, given with every piece.

Many designs. List sent on receipt of 2½d. stamp

LONDON STONECRAFT, LTD.

403-11, West Green Road, London, N.15

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1944. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

WORLD BEAUTY SERVICE

Coty's Empire is world-wide. For thirty-three years Coty Creations have won the hearts of lovely women throughout the world with a Beauty Service that is unique.

To-day, though this service is of necessity curtailed, there is no surrender of quality in such Coty Creations as are still available. Make the most of them till Victory permits the full resumption of the World Beauty Service created by Coty.

Coty

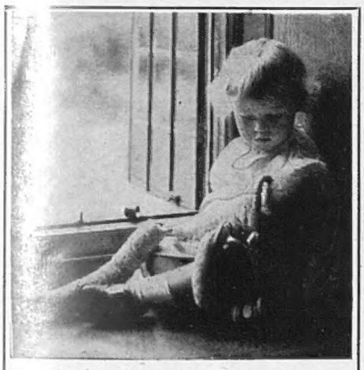
The creators of L'Origan, L'Aimant, Paris, Chypre, Emeraude, Styx, Muguet, "Air Spun" Face Powder, Eau de Coty, Eau de Cologne Cordon Rouge, Eau de Cologne Four Seasons, etc., etc.

CII7

IN WAR AS IN PEACE

The Burberry can be relied upon, civilian or military, to uphold the tradition of the World's Finest Weatherproof. It is proof against rain and chilling winds, airylight should the day be close, easy to wear, easy to carry—a definite insurance against all weathers.

BURBERRYS LTD
HAYMARKET LONDON S.W.1
ALDERSHOT & BASINGSTOKE
AGENTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL TOWNS



"Hush-a-Bye, Baby!"

At four years old one takes motherhood very seriously, and the love and affection one gets oneself are in turn poured out on one's own "treasure." Nothing takes the place of a real mother's love, but the little girls in the Society's family of 6,300 are made to feel they are loved and belong to someone. We have never felt that it was enough simply to give children food, lodging and warm clothing—though these things are very important, of course. And to-day, more than ever, we try to give each child the sense of security and the comfort of the heart which good mothers impart instinctively. Money alone cannot buy such things, but they yield rich dividends of character and personality.

Any help (however small) gratefully received by the Secretary,

CHURCH OF ENGLAND
WAIFS & STRAYS
SOCIETY
JOEL STREET, PINNER, MIDDX.
Bankers: Barclays, Ltd., Kennington, S.E.11

STOP THAT COLD WITH
VAPEX
INHALANT

For the safe, quick, pleasant relief of Colds and Catarrh

Breathe the Vapour

Of all Chemists 2/3

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley, Lancashire

V222

Why we need LEGACIES & BEQUESTS

The need of ex-Servicemen of All Wars, including the disabled and their dependants, and the care of those left behind by the men who fall in action are an ever-present and recurring charge on the Legion. Every year since the inception of the Fund the expenditure has *increased*, and it is vitally necessary that the Fund should be strengthened and fortified against any possible diminution of income in the future by means of Legacies and Bequests.

EARL HAIG'S
BRITISH LEGION
APPEAL FUND

Full particulars and Forms of Bequest can be obtained from the Organising Secretary,
Capt. W. G. WILLCOX, M.B.E.,
CARDIGAN HOUSE, RICHMOND, SURREY
Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

"WARDONIA"

SOLD BY

NAAFI

FOR BETTER SHAVES

SAUCES MADE FOR THE CONNOISSEUR

by **Escoffier**

SAUCE ROBERT
SAUCE DIABLE

. . . and with the fruits of Victory. Sauce Melba—which made Pêche Melba famous.

OLD BOOKS HELP TO MAKE BOMBS AND SHELLS—BUNDLE THEM OUT NOW—PLEASE! THE NEED IS URGENT.

★ **Vitabuoy** Life-Saving OVERCOAT

★ **Vitabeau** Military and A.R.P. TRENCH COATS

★ MUCH to our regret we are unable to manufacture any more of these wonderful coats. There are still a few available in one or two stores, and if you will drop us a line we will be glad to tell you where you can possibly buy one if you act at once

Vitabuoy Products Ltd.

Beaufort House, Gravel Lane, London, E.1

Telephone : BIShopsgate 6565.

This is the Gin

By Appointment to
H.M. King George VI.

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

Maximum Prices : per bottle 25/3; Half bottle 13/3. *Gt. Britain & Northern Ireland only*

BASIC ENGLISH

We give the text above in Basic English to encourage the study of this proposed universal language

THE CHATWOOD SECURITY

THE CHATWOOD SAFE Co. Ltd.,
BANKERS' ENGINEERS,
Head Office : SHREWSBURY, ENGLAND
Telegrams : CHATWOOD, SHREWSBURY
Telephone : SHREWSBURY 4001
London : Manchester
Glasgow : Bombay

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1944. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.